

# NEW MASSES

DECEMBER

25¢



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The New Playwrights' Theatre, under the direction of John Howard Lawson, John Dos Passos, Em Jo Basshe, Francis Edwards Faragoh, and Michael Gold, is blazing new trails. With vital plays, vividly presented, they are building the foundations of a real proletarian theatre. Plays still to be produced this season are:

**THE CENTURIES**, by Em Jo Basshe (opening November 29)

**THE INTERNATIONAL**, by John Howard Lawson

**HOBOKEN BLUES**, by Michael Gold



**THE BELT**, by Paul Sifton, the first play of the subscription season, was praised by the press, both radical and otherwise. Here are three opinions chosen at random:

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Mexican Workman

From a Photograph by Tina Modotti

NOT since the strike of 1913-14 have the miners of Colorado risen in widespread revolt against the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Thirteen years ago the strike was fought frankly with gunmen—not only ordinary gunmen, but organized gunmen subsidized by the state and otherwise known as the state militia. The bloody business reached its climax at Ludlow, where miners and their families—thrown out of the company houses—were living in a tent colony. On the morning of April 20, the state militia led by an officer who told his men to “shoot every God damned thing that moves” poured their soft-nosed bullets into the tent settlement. Estimates of the dead ran from 25 to 45—including two miners’ wives and 11 children found dead under a cellar floor.

After 1914 powerful forces combined to keep the miners in subjection. Rockefeller openly declared that he would rather lose all the millions invested in the coal fields than recognize the union there. A great philanthropic institution, the Rockefeller Foundation, entered the field and organized the most famous of the company unions—the Rockefeller Plan.

The only thing it lacked was the interest of the miners. There is a statue at Ludlow—a statue of of a miner’s wife with a child in

her arms—with this inscription:

To the memory of the men, women, and children who lost their lives in freedom’s cause at Ludlow, Colorado, April 20, 1914. Erected by the United Mine Workers of America.

The miners knew that the company union was planned by the same boss who stood behind the Ludlow massacre, that the schools and houses and bathtubs and clubs were the gentler part of the same plan to defeat their own union.

So again in 1927, in spite of the Rockefeller plan, the miners are on strike, 10,000 strong. Only this time it is not the United Mine Workers but the I.W.W. which is leading the fight for decent wages and the right to organize. So far the guns have not been called into action. The only violence recorded is several attacks on pickets, during one of which Matilda Sablo, a girl picket of 19, was ridden down and seriously injured by a mounted mine guard. Since 1914 Colorado has passed laws designed to prevent or defeat strikes. Legal sabotage has been employed so far against the 1927 strike. The State Industrial Commission refused to listen to the pleas of the I.W.W. because “it is not a representative union”—even though the mines are idle. And Governor Adams, tool of the C. F. & I., has denounced them as “un-American.” A law passed since 1914, makes a

crime of “inciting to picket” and mass arrests are being made. A few days ago, 30 organizers of the I.W.W. including Kristen Svanum, who contributes our leading article, were arrested.

And the sabotage has not come entirely from the Rockefeller camp. The American Federation of Labor, which supported the miners so valiantly in 1914, has become since then less a labor organization than a red-baiting society. It was inevitable that when the strike was called, Earle Hoage, president of the Colorado Federation of Labor, should announce that his organization would not take part in the strike, *although they believed that the miners had a just grievance*, because the I.W.W., he said, are “renegades.”

But in spite of all this, the workers are still on strike, the mines are still idle. And C. F. & I. officials are saying ominously that

without the aid of the state militia they can do nothing but close down or capitulate. Once more the miners have been thrown out of the Rockefeller houses. Once more they are living in tent colonies. Will the statue of Ludlow keep the machine-guns silent? Or must there be another massacre—another statue—before the dime-giving Rockefellers find out that the miners prefer freedom even to bathtubs?

## Dance! Dance! Dance!

Webster Hall will be the scene of a mad revel—color, joy, laughter—bright sashes, boots and kerchiefs—when the jazz band strikes up on the night of Friday, December 2nd. They’ll all be there with their dancing feet—Russians, Gypsies, Bohemians, Pirates and Buccaneers. Come and dance *your* cares away at the NEW MASSES Workers and Peasants Ball.

# NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 DECEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 8

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents.

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Published monthly by NEW MASSES, Inc., Office of Publication, 39 Union Square, New York; Cable Address, NEWMASS, New York; Hugo Gellert, President; Egmont Arens, Vice-President and Treasurer; Ruth Stout, Secretary.

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Entered as second class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than a month. The NEW MASSES is a cooperative venture. It does not pay for contributions.

MARSTIN 438 PRESS

DECEMBER, 1927



*Mexican Workman*

*From a Photograph by Tina Modotti*

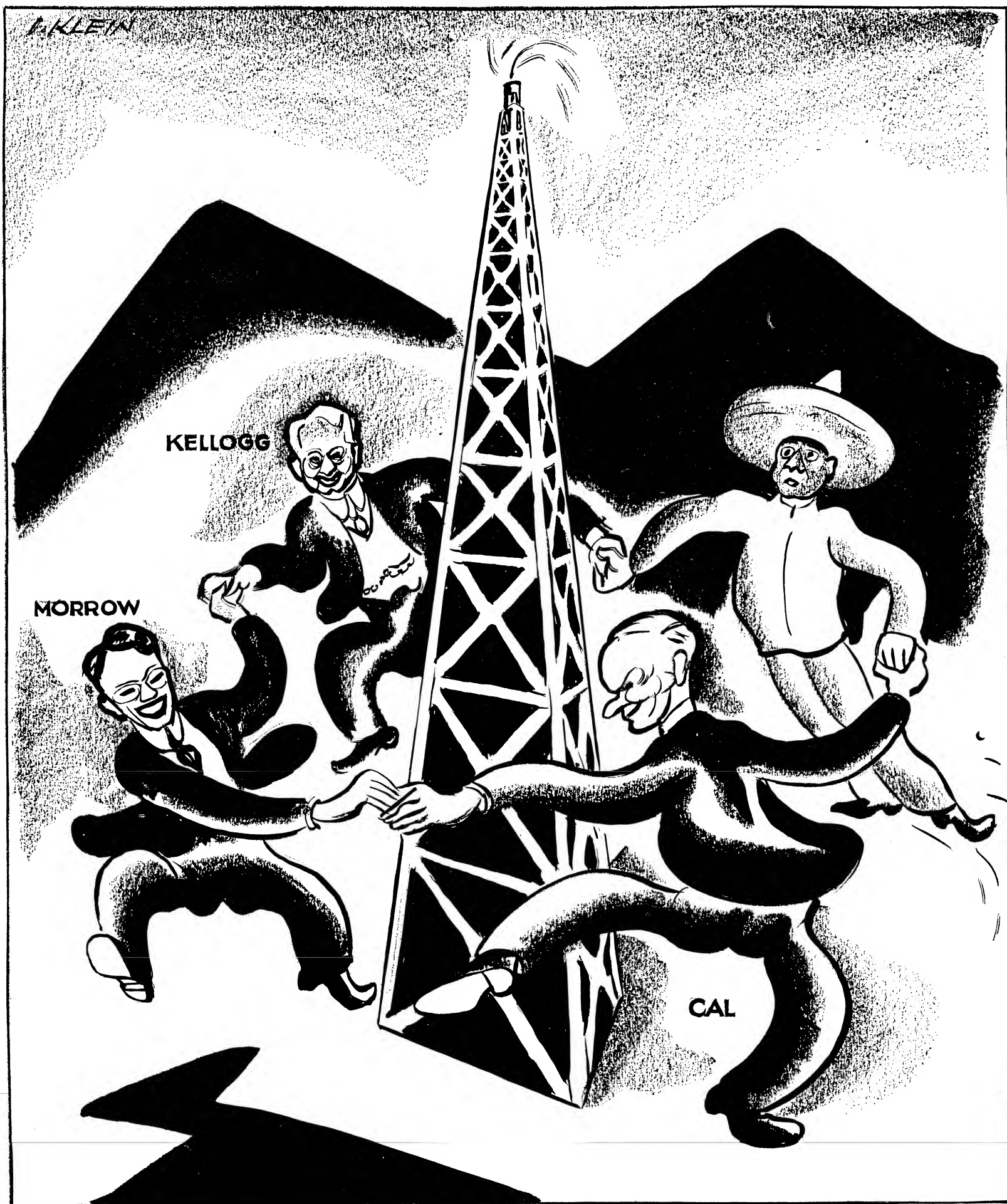


DECEMBER, 1927



*Mexican Workman*

*From a Photograph by Tina Modotti*



*Drawing by I. Klein*

## OIL'S WELL ON THE POTOMAC

*Mexico is expected to join gleefully in the new song and dance proposed by the new U. S. ambassador, Dwight W. Morrow.*



*Drawing by I. Klein*

## OIL'S WELL ON THE POTOMAC

*Mexico is expected to join gleefully in the new song and dance proposed by the new U. S. ambassador, Dwight W. Morrow.*



# COLORADO ON STRIKE!

By KRISTEN SVANUM

*Kristen Svanum, who sent this article by wire to the NEW MASSES, is one of the leading figures in the Colorado mine strike. As we go to press, we learn that he has been arrested (for the second time during the strike) along with 29 of his fellow organizers.*

*Svanum has been prominent in the organization of the Industrial Workers of the World for the last ten years — ever since he came to this country from Denmark, where he was born. After his arrival he went almost immediately to the Pacific Northwest where he joined the lumbermen's union of the I.W.W. A few years later he was called to the Work People's College in Duluth. There he taught English, bookkeeping, mathematics until about four years ago, when he became secretary and treasurer of the Coal Miners' Industrial Union, and also of the Metal Mine Workers' Union, of the I.W.W. He is still secretary of the Coal Miners' Union and in this capacity was one of the first in the field in Colorado.*

ON September 4th, 198 delegates from various parts of the mining regions in Colorado met in Aguilar. They had been elected by mass meetings held in various camps. In some camps the attendance had been large, in others several causes had combined to make the attendance small — fear of the black list of the mining companies, but most of all the closed camps guarded by company gunmen against labor union organizers. Many of the meetings were picketed by these gunmen to prevent the miners from going.

All meetings and the conference endorsed the demands made by the Industrial Workers of the World without even one dissenting vote, and the delegations were elected likewise without a single vote contesting even one delegate.

The law of the State of Colorado provides that no strike can be declared until a notice to the Industrial Commission and the employers has been filed and thirty days given in which to reach an agreement. The law was conformed to by the Aguilar conference. . . . The first thing done by the Industrial Commission was to investigate the conference.

The conference was declared not to be representative of the miners and the Commission gave out a report to the press that they would brand the strike as illegal.

The general strike committee elected by the conference answered with an open letter to the Commission declaring that if the Commission would open up the closed camps to mass meetings the general strike committee would meet with the representatives of the operators and have a vote taken on whether the miners would back the demands made and the general strike

committee that was elected. The Industrial Commission ignored this demand. At the same time the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company had its company union in the Pueblo Steel Works pass a resolution asking the company to discharge all employees belonging to the I.W.W. and asking the governor to use all legal means to banish it from the state. The Pueblo Trades and Labor Assembly followed the lead of the company union and was, according to press reports, commended for that by Mr. Young "labor's representative" on the "impartial" State Industrial Commission. At the same time discharging of members of the I.W.W. by the C. F. & I. became the order of the day in spite of a law providing that no employee shall be discharged for belonging to a lawful labor organization. The I.W.W. answered by intensifying organization work and by sparring for time by bringing court action. On September 20th the C. F. & I. answered by having company union representatives ask for an increase of 68 cents a

day and 4 cents a ton on contract work. The increase was met with derision. The majority of the miners are on contract work and figured that the company weigh bosses could and would cheat them out of more than the 4 cent increase a ton.

The I.W.W. called an all state conference in Pueblo for October 16th. A week before the conference the Industrial Commission was again quoted by the press in regard to the I.W.W. This time Mr. Annear, the chairman, pictured us as a lawless organization, masquerading as a labor union. On October 15th a report declaring the strike illegal was handed to the governor. On the same date a band of Chamber of Commerce hoodlums, handpicked by Mayor Pritchard of Walsenburg, met secretly in the court house in the same city. Following the example of the two tailors of Twohey Street, they declared themselves the people of Walsenburg and petitioned the city council of Walsenburg to banish the I.W.W. from

their great city. The city council obediently did so. At 11 o'clock at night the brave mayor and his gang of hoodlums sneaked down to the Wobby Hall. Bryon Kitto, I.W.W. publicity man, was alone, our most active members and organizers being out of town preparing for the Pueblo conference.

The small town imitation Fascisti smashed a window, entered our hall, and burned all our records and other organization property. The police department was guarding the hoodlums so as to protect them from some stray Wobbly that might pass.

The Pueblo conference was carried out as scheduled and by unanimous vote the strike was called.

After a week it was the most complete strike the state of Colorado ever saw. Routt, Weld, Boulder, and Freemont Counties went out 100 per cent. Even the hard-boiled Huerfano and Las Animas counties are out pretty near solid. They are by the way the only two places where picketing is necessary. In these two counties mass picketing by the strikers is met with mass arrests by the county authorities, who are especially vicious in Las Animas County, where "friends of labor" were elected.

This article was planned to be written by me yesterday morning, twelve hours after I was released from Las Animas County jail, but as our intelligence committee advised me that there was a warrant out for my arrest after I had told the Adjutant General that I should continue to advise the strikers to picket in spite of threats of bringing in the militia, I was advised to beat it out of the two counties and reorganize our legal department so as to enable our organizers to get out on bond without undue delay. The last time this advice was given to me I disregarded it, and was held for eight days before I was able to get out on bond due to technical objections to and browbeating of my bondsmen.

The strike is going fine. There is already a coal shortage in Denver. The steel mills in Pueblo have laid off approximately 2,000 men on account of lack of coal. The C. F. & I. stock is taking a tumble on the stock exchange.

We lack only one thing and that is adequate finances for relief and legal defense. If the readers of the NEW MASSES want to help this strike. Do so by rushing funds to Secretary, Relief Committee, Box 87, Walsenburg, Colorado.

## THE MINERS' DEMANDS

Restoration of the Jacksonville wage scale. This scale is demanded for all coal miners of Colorado whether affected by this strike or not.

All disputes arising in any one mine to be settled by the mine committee.

Recognition of mine committees at all coal mines in the state of Colorado and recognition of the state executive board elected by the coal miners of the state and representing all miners of the state.

Recognition of the check weighman at all tipples in all the coal mines of Colorado, such check weighmen to be elected by miners working at the respective mines; check weighmen to be paid by the miners.

Strict enforcement of the eight-hour day.

No discrimination against any employee when he demands enforcement of the state mining laws or complains to the management about working conditions.

No miner shall be discharged until his case is referred to the mine committee.

There shall be no discrimination on account of age when men are employed.

Mine foremen shall not place an inexperienced man with an experienced miner unless with the consent of the latter.

All powder must be delivered at

the place by the companies in insulated cars, instead of a coal miner packing.

In order to insure the production of clean and marketable coal, it is hereby provided that it is the duty of miners to load the coal as nearly as possible free from all impurities.

All wage adjustments suspensions or strikes must be settled by the rank and file of Colorado miners through the medium of the state executive board to be elected at the state miners' convention next year.

All contract work outside the Jacksonville agreement to be abolished.

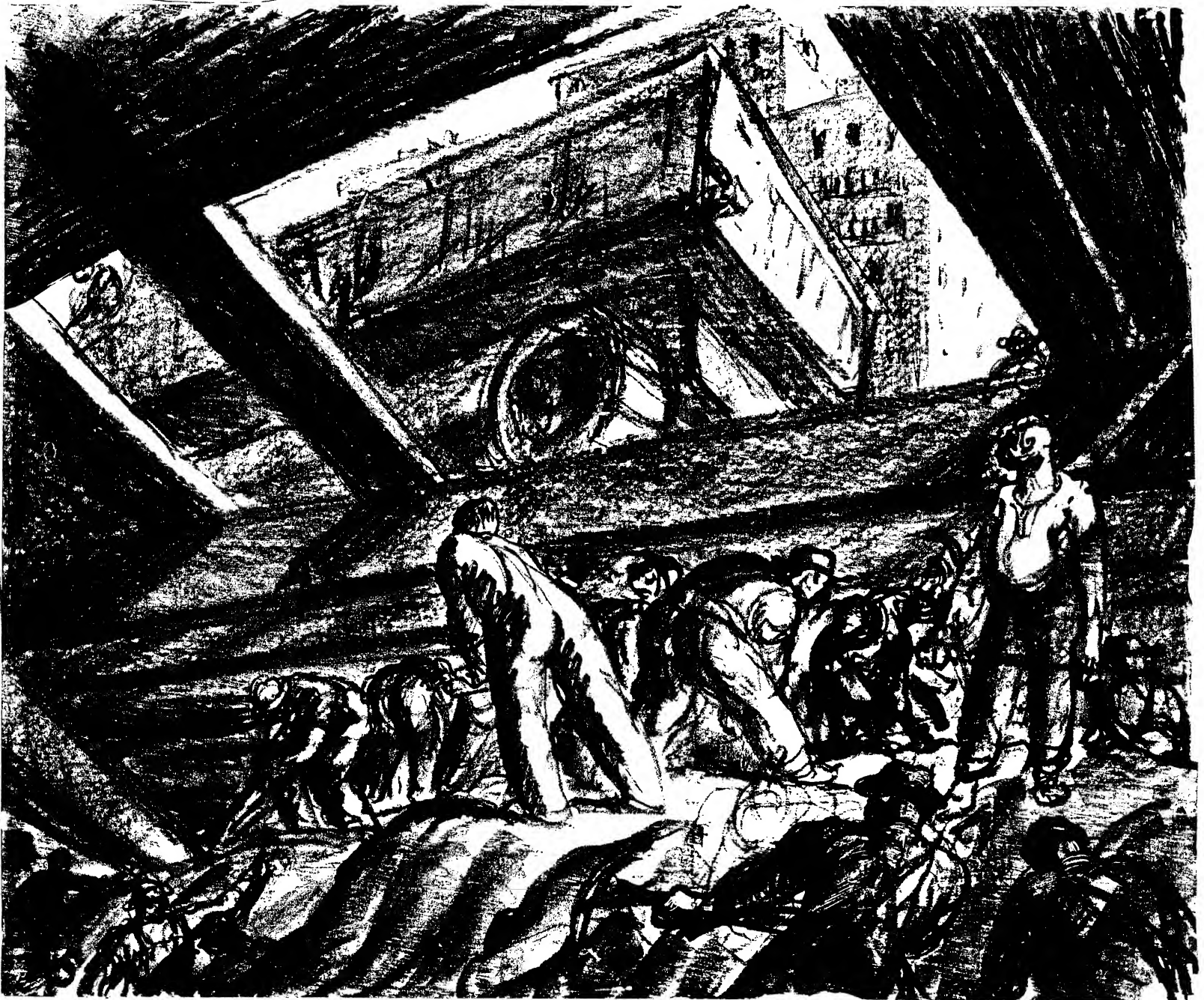
In work in loading and mining coal there must be not more than two men in two places and always two places for two men.

There shall be no discrimination against any employee in the coal mines of the state of Colorado on account of participation in the present strike.

We demand that all coal mining camps in Colorado shall be open for labor organizers to come and go without interference.

We demand that the coal strike operators withdraw all charges they may have made against miners arrested for picketing and that they use their best influence with the county authorities to set them free immediately.





*Subway Construction*

*Drawing by Harry Sternberg*

## MINE DARK

Since earth's beginnings darkness rested here,  
Queen of silent empires of crackling coal—  
Reigned in her thick, wet silences, in fear  
Of the living blood, the high-daring soul.

Thick wet gobs of blackness, slimey, wet—  
One's hands tear out huge chunks of dripping dark . . .  
No pit, nor mere night's shadows can beget  
Such vast heavy blackness, mutely stark. . . .

Red curses pierce its veil with spurts of sound;  
Brown-crust'd timber in grim labor squeaks;  
Gold films of light seep through these darks profound,  
(Old timber of dim forest memory speaks).

While miners crouch beneath loose rock, and will  
Their shot-holes drive with angry, hot-tip drill. . . .

No star-lamps ever dript cool points of fire  
Into these gangways cool and dark and vast;  
Nor throat did utter the suppressed desire  
Of dark to drink its cups of light at last!

Timbers creak and stand and rot in patient murk;  
Gray mice with lively capers dance their round;  
Jagged rocks through bulging laggings grimly smirk,  
While veteran miners pause to catch the warning sound.

O great and terrible darkness, thicker than  
Dim mists that clot the world from blind men's eyes—  
Ever dream of swirly sundipt worlds of Man?  
Ever stretch your dream to reach blue-widening skies?

Timbers, rocks, miners, mules—all silently  
Dream of undark'd day—floods of sunlight free!

ED FALKOWSKI.



*Subway Construction*

*Drawing by Harry Sternberg*

# ON THE PENNSYLVANIA FRONT

By DON BROWN

I staid with a family of mine people at Harmarville one night. We got up at 4:30 o'clock in the morning to go on the picket line. The wife of the miner had been up for sometime. She gave us big cups of black coffee and lots of hot milk to go in it. We went down to the picket headquarters in the dark with the fog so thick and cold I could feel it crawling up my pants legs and sliding in under my collar. It was so thick you couldn't see the headlight of a locomotive as it roared along the tracks fifty feet away.

We joined the other pickets there. They let me have a U.M. W.A. badge and with seven "other" miners I went up to the picket posts. It felt like going on guard in the army. It was cold and miserable enough to be a wartime winter in France. Picketing starts at 5 o'clock. They put me on a post where a tunnel has been made under the raised road so the scabs can get into the mine without the pickets being able to get very near to them. You stand on the road

*Don Brown has just returned from Pennsylvania, where the miners are fighting a life and death struggle with the Mellon owned Pittsburgh Coal company and the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal company. Justice Schoonmaker, at the request of the latter company, has issued a smashing injunction against union picketing, on the grounds that the union is conspiring to prevent the shipment of non-union mined coal in interstate commerce.*

just over the entrance of the tunnel and stare into the thick fog. After a while you hear men stumbling along in the dark in single file in groups of two or three or more. Just as they get directly under you to disappear into the dark tunnel, you can see them dimly for a second only.

Next to you stands a company guard with a polished club nearly three feet long. Impolite words to the scabs will bring it slashing down on your skull. Around a fire across the road you see the shadowy forms of other guards with other clubs protruding. With them are two state troopers whose snappy uniforms give a fine military appearance, even in a foggy silhouette.

Waiting for the first scabs to appear, everyone is silent, hunched up and shivering and regretting warm and comfortable beds in relatively safe places. The figures across the road are grim and so are the figures of the pickets.

A big miner of about twenty-four years whose name is Zeke begins to sing in the dark. He has a fine deep bass voice and he knows some swell songs. He must have worked further south than Pennsylvania because a lot of his songs are southern negro ones.

"Oh fetch me down my bottle of corn,

Oh fetch me down my bottle of corn,

Oh fetch me down my bottle of corn,  
I'm going git drunk just as shore as you born!"

he roars and then

"Oh Mama come on and go my bail

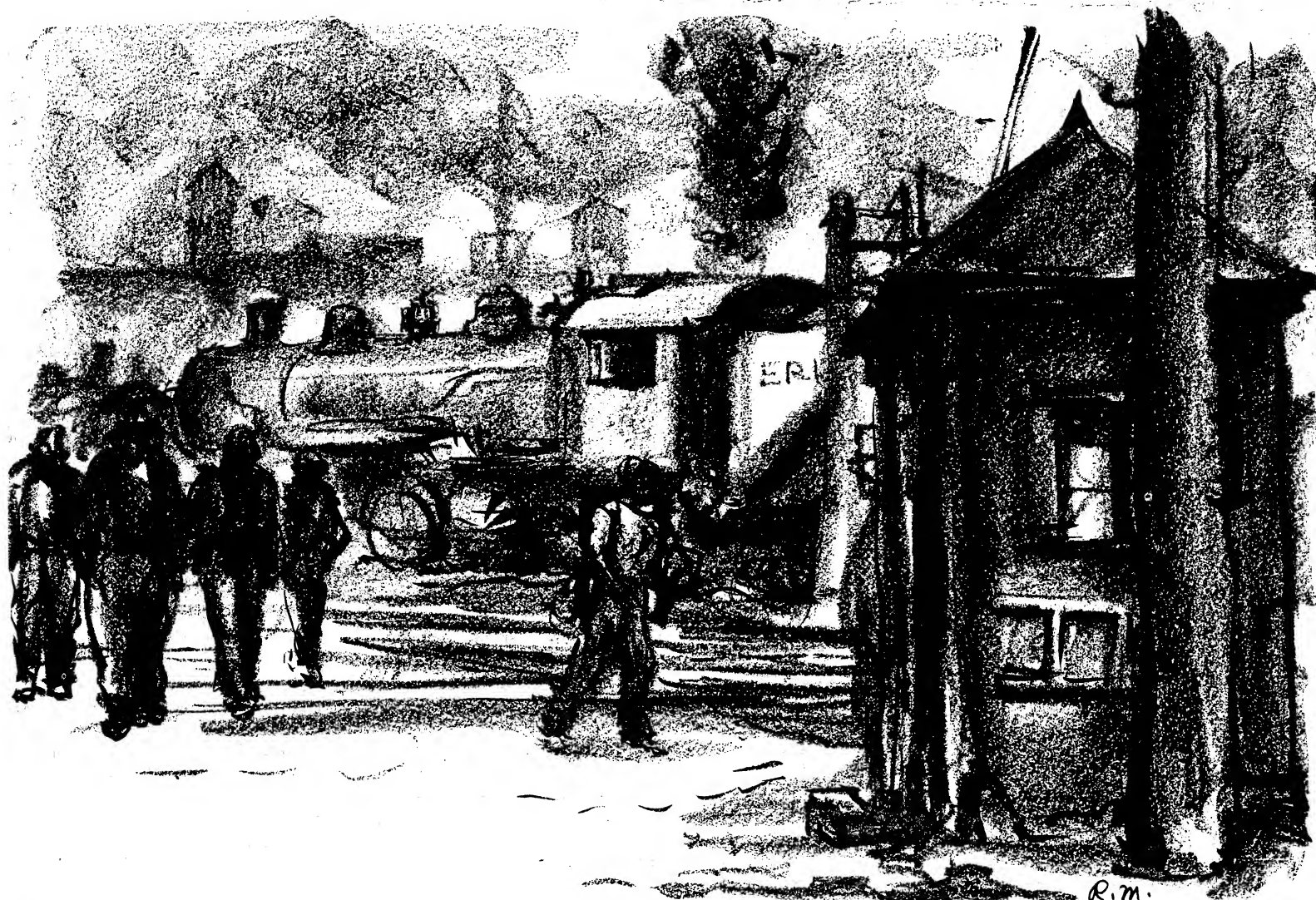
And git me outa this lousy jail!"

Zeke has been in the mines since he was sixteen he told me later. He said he had wanted to be a miner ever since he could walk and it was a proud day for him when they let him go down with the other men. Zeke was a master of irony in talking to the scabs.

"Fine, big-hearted boys!" he would roar at the miserable sleepy scabs stumbling along in the dark. "Fine, big-hearted boys. They love the boss so well they load four tons of coal for a dollar and a quarter. You won't buy no steaks with what you get outa this mine!"

Zeke sings some more songs.

"Hey Zeke, if you're singing that song in parts you kin leave out my part!" one of the guards calls out.

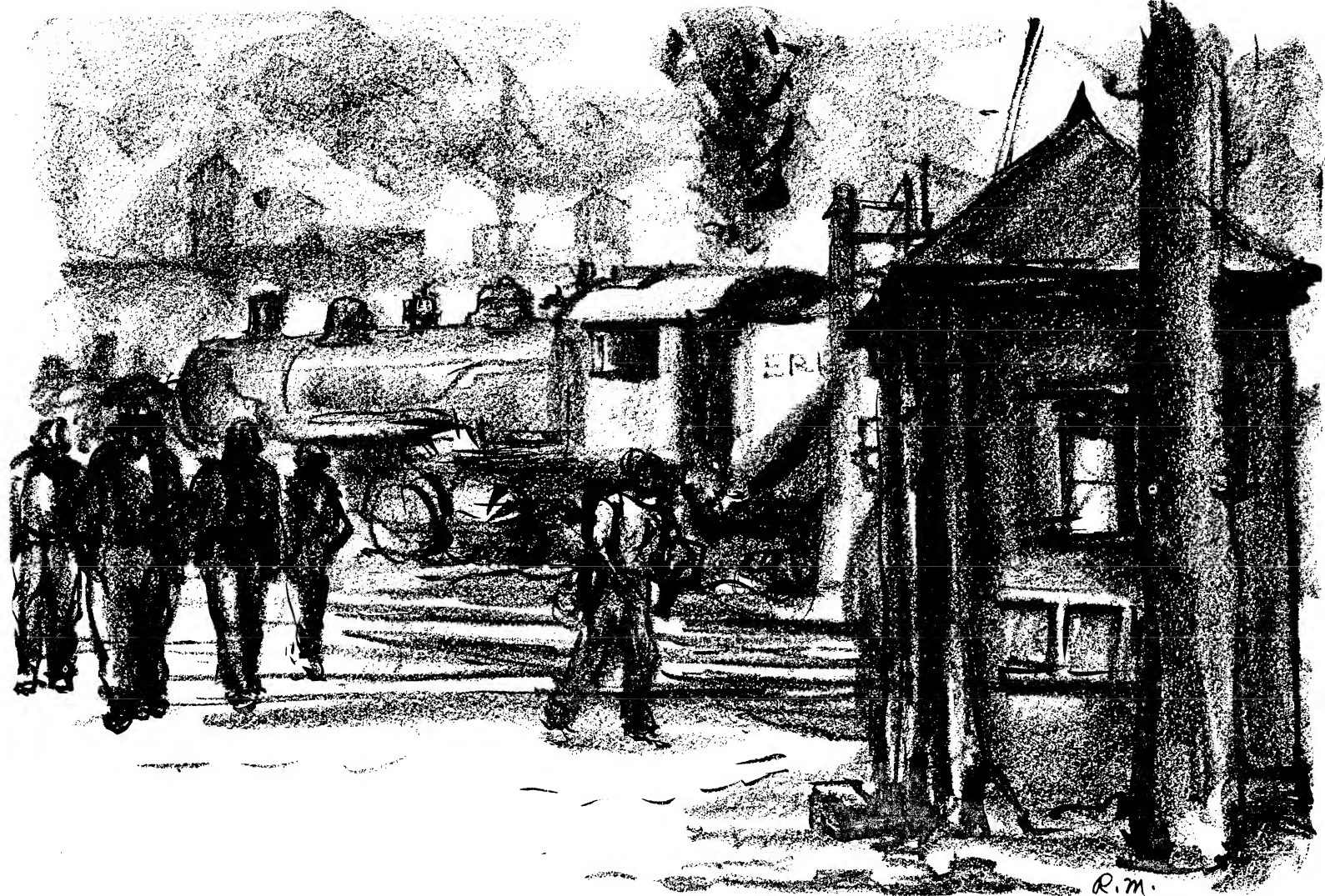


ERIE YARDS — JERSEY CITY

R.M.

Drawing by Reginald Marsh



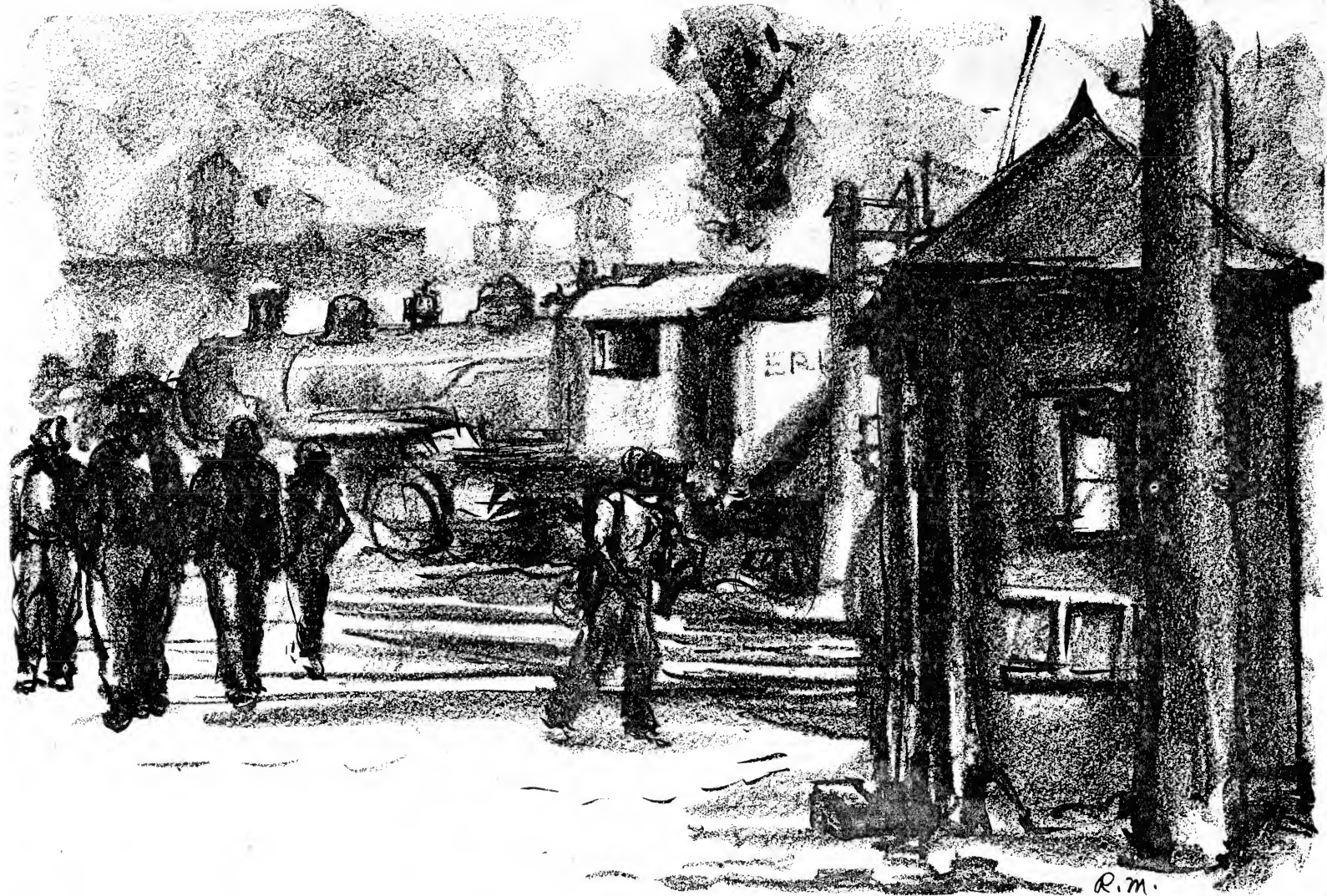


R.M.

*Drawing by Reginald Marsh*

**ERIE YARDS — JERSEY CITY**





ERIE YARDS — JERSEY CITY

R.M.  
Drawing by Reginald Marsh



### DR. CALI-COOLIDGE'S CABINET

Drawing by Art Young

Investigated, approved and patented by Level-Headed Business Men, Inc.

The picket on the other side has an approach very different from Zeke's. He is friendly and gentle and persuasive—in his audible remarks. Under his breath he curses the scabs.

He calls out "Come on boys, what do you want to go down in the dark hole for? Just to help the boss? That's all you're doing. You're helping him against us and yourselves too. You can't live on what you get scabbing and you know it. Come on out of the mine and help us and we'll all be better off!"

Under his breath he whispers,

"You dirty, lousy scabs. You're all yellow or you wouldn't be scabs!"

Mostly the scabs bow their heads and make no reply as they move along into the tunnel.

When he called out to one and said "Don't you know you oughta be ashamed to go down there?" the man answered "Yes, I know it" and slouched on into the dark without looking up.

Another scab yelled, "Get rid of Lewis and I'll come back into the Union with a lot more like me!"

This picket detail goes off at 7 o'clock when the pickets go back

to the Union hall where two of the women bring a basket of big sandwiches and a bucket of hot coffee. You eat the sandwiches and drink the coffee while it is still dark and cold and they taste good.

### George and His Dog

GEORGE BINGULA is a Union miner out on strike. He lives at Harmarville, Pennsylvania and worked in the big coal mine there. He is a powerful guy, over six feet tall with broad shoulders, strong arms and a face small in proportion to his body. He looks a little like Bob Minor and a little

like Honore Daumier. He comes from somewhere in middle Europe. He's a good musician and is considered a necessity at the dances the mine people have in their Union hall so often. He has a wife and a little girl. He and the wife don't speak English so very well but the little girl speaks it very well. She has a much better accent and speaks more distinctly than we middle westerners. She helps George and her mother tell things.

George has been arrested a few times by the coal and iron police or deputies at Harmarville. He has a bad name among them. He spit in a deputy's eye one day during an argument on the picket line. They put him in jail but the mine people raised some money and bailed him right out because there was going to be a dance that night and they had to have George to play for it.

The other day one of the deputies filled up on raw liquor and got abusive when he met some of the strikers' wives and children on the road. George came along and remonstrated and the deputy jerked out a pistol and shot George through the leg. The drunken deputy ran and George walked on up to his house. The bullet had missed the bone. The blood sloshing around in his shoe bothered him when he was walking, he said. When I saw him he didn't seem to be downhearted about it. With some pride, he took off his shoe and sock and rolled up his trouser leg to show me the healing wound. He didn't seem to have any personal feelings about the deputy who had shot him. Although he did refer to him as a son-of-a-bitch, he said it without venom, using it the same as the word "scab" or "yellow-dog." He was irritated though at the actions of a doctor who had treated the wound and made him stay in bed several days when he wasn't sick at all.

George has a funny looking black dog with strong traces of dachshund ancestry and a grey-whiskered thoughtfully humorous face. One day the dog went across from the picket headquarters at the Red Raven store in Harmarville and started playing with a coal and iron deputy. George called his dog back and beat him up good and proper. He beat the dog up so bad he had to take it in his arms and carry it back to the road half a mile to his house. "Don't never go scabbin' again!" he told the dog as he beat it up and the deputies and pickets looked on. The dog got the idea all right and won't go near a deputy now. He strolls down to the union headquarters every morning and plays with the miners. They laugh and say, "There's the dog that went scabbing but he don't no more."



Drawing by Art Young

## DR. CALI-COOLIDGE'S CABINET

Investigated, approved and patented by Level-Headed Business Men, Inc.

# AUTOMATIC

The square boxes magnified bread  
And the iron cows shot milk.  
Nickels were sunlight to burst the grain.  
Nickels were eyes driving through stone walls,  
Piercing harbor and ship and houses to a room  
Where a man could see if he was wanted next  
Where a lady in soft feathers and silk  
Answered the bell and sent a wire  
Burning word bullets into the ear and the brain.  
Nickels were eyes and nickels were ears.

Nickels opened a slant in the subway  
Six feet under and full of life.  
For a nickel you could see carloads of women,  
And some would look suddenly  
Sending the knife-thrust under the heart  
Whose wound heals white and smooth never.  
And for a nickel  
They let you imagine yourself  
As many husbands as you ever cared to be.

Tomorrow's paper! Tomorrow's paper!  
And if one night tomorrow never came at all  
How high those papers would stack up  
In the hollow of some dead, steaming dawn.  
(Will the papers be fooled some night soon,  
Some horrible night?)

Do not make one automatic box of bread  
Larger or smaller than the other.

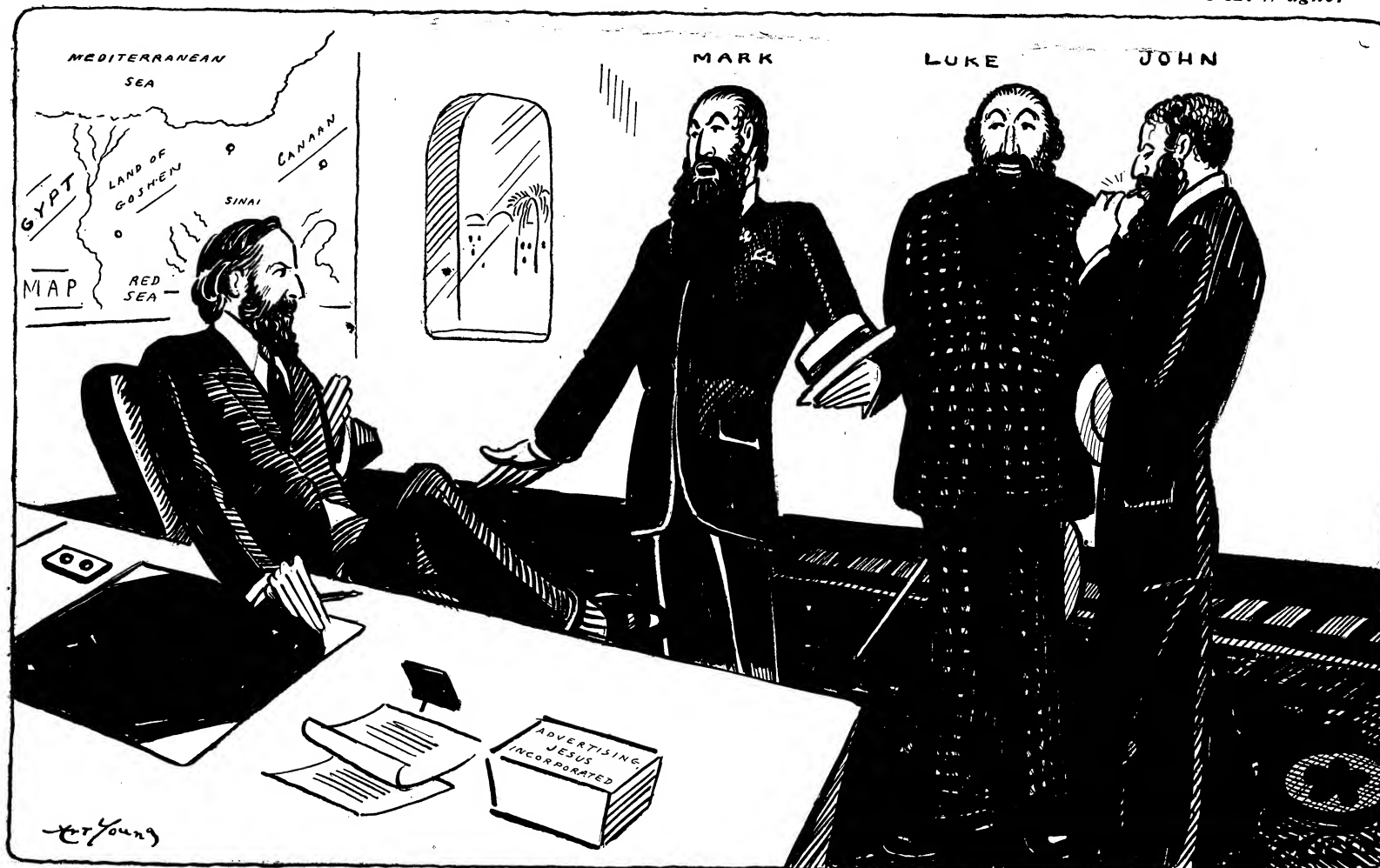
Make them even and shiny and alike.  
Make them what you think America is.

In the hotel district the divorces come in  
Swinging black bags you can lift with one finger.  
A lone figure with dried rouge of tears  
Stands in the shadow of the hotel  
Afraid to wait.  
"Gimme a nickel for a cup of coffee"  
And she smiles down at the beggar  
And the New York wind snaps at her ankles.

Always the dawn comes down Thirteenth Street  
Looking for a Yellow Taxi  
For all the world too pale and tired to breathe.  
What happened to you, my old, sweet dawn  
In whose warm arms I could weep  
Plenty of heart-ache and woe?  
Perhaps I am stronger now  
With a pocket of nickels  
And the chill of the city's money  
Biting my veins . . . Perhaps I am stronger now.

Down comes the rain looking for seed  
And all the umbrellas snap open automatic.  
Wide women sail through the wet streets  
Thin men steam alongside like tugs,  
Thin men always hopeless romanticists  
Wide women too busy for the vaporous food of memory.

Charles A. Wagner



## CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES

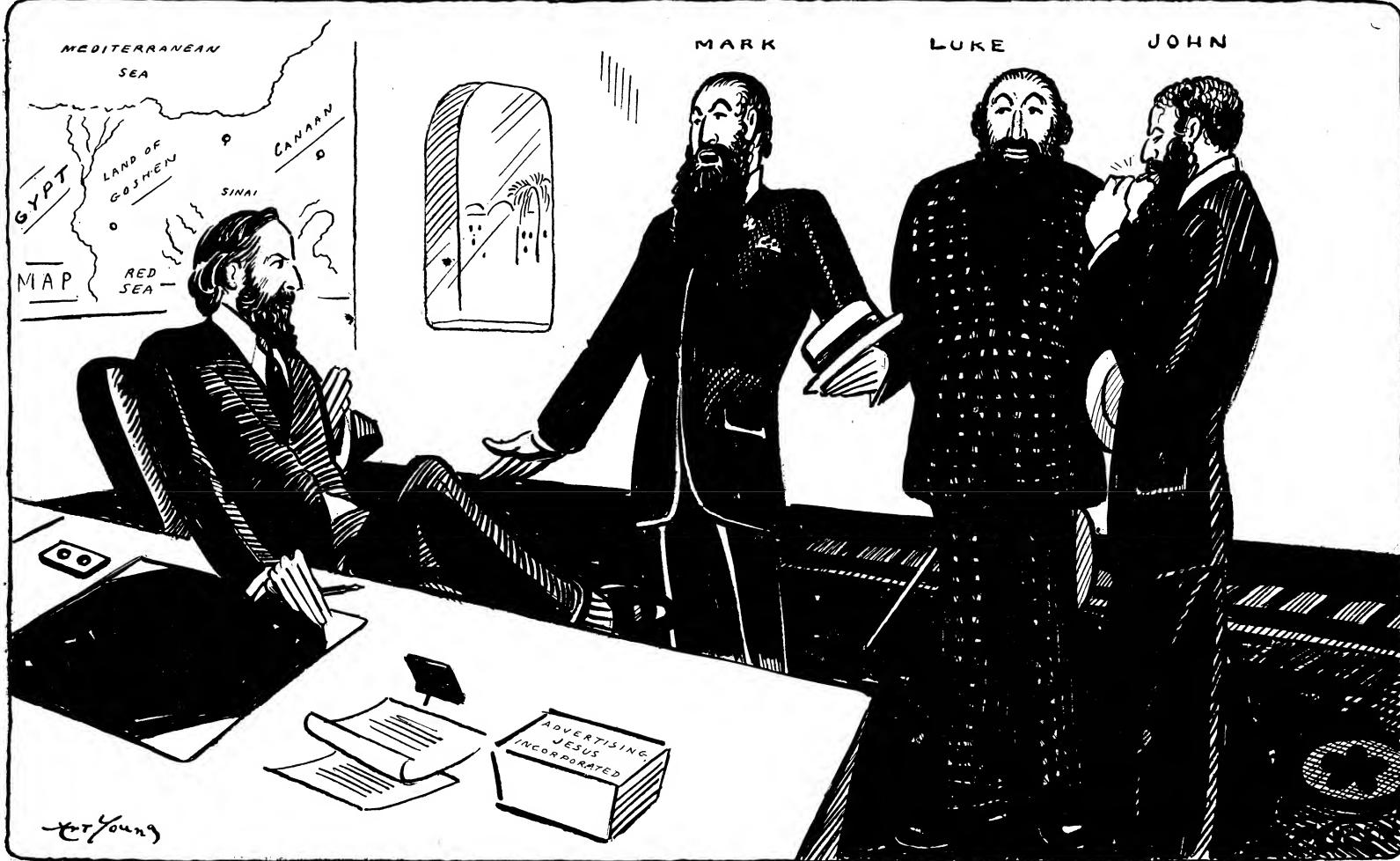
(As Bruce Barton and the Rotarians would have them.)

Jesus: Well Mark, how are they coming?

Mark: We're putting you across all right. Down in Judea, the thing goes like hotcakes. Luke and John tell me they've got the Hickites standing on their heads. It looks like we're going to clean up.

Drawing by Art Young





*Drawing by Art Young*

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*Courtesy of Our Gallery*

*From an Etching by Peggy Bacon*

## CHRISTMAS CHEER





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*From an Etching by Peggy Bacon*

## CHRISTMAS CHEER

# ESCAPE—A STORY

By ALICE PASSANO HANCOCK

WHEN he was a little chap of six or so, he had gone into his mother's room every morning to watch her do her hair. His mother stood before the long glass by the south window in her petticoat and a camisole laced with orchid ribbons. Her hair was black and hung straight and fine almost to her knees. When she ran the comb through it, the teeth left little paths, dividing the hairs the way a ship cuts the water with its sharp narrow prow. His mother combed her hair languidly, lifting her bare arms high above her head. When she raised her arms he could see the intimate white skin of the undersurface faintly threaded with blue veins. At the armpit there was a patch of curling black hair, crisp as fine wire.

Henry sat in the window with his knees hunched up under his chin watching the movement of the comb as it slid downward through the smooth hair, watching the rise and fall of his mother's breasts beneath the thin silk of her camisole. She turned, smiling at him from between lifted arms.

"If I were you, I'd run outdoors and play. Where's Freddie? You and Freddie haven't played together for ever so long."

"I don't want to," said Henry. "I like it better here." He crawled down from the window ledge and stood close against his mother's side. "I like it better here," he repeated softly.

When he was eight years old his cousin Eve had come to visit them. Cousin Eve had been married to Cousin Jack, but now Cousin Jack was married to someone else and Cousin Eve was visiting the family until she got settled. Getting settled meant getting a husband, father said.

She wore black satin dresses and gray stockings pulled tight over her fat calves. Above the low cut V of her dress, bits of pink ribbon were continually popping into sight and being thrust back again.

She and Mother talked a great deal while Henry played around in the room pretending to be busy but always watching Cousin Eve. He was a puny, undersized child, with little crisp bones that could have been snapped between a thumb and finger. His hair, which was as fine and soft as mole's fur, grew up from his forehead in a twisted cowlick.

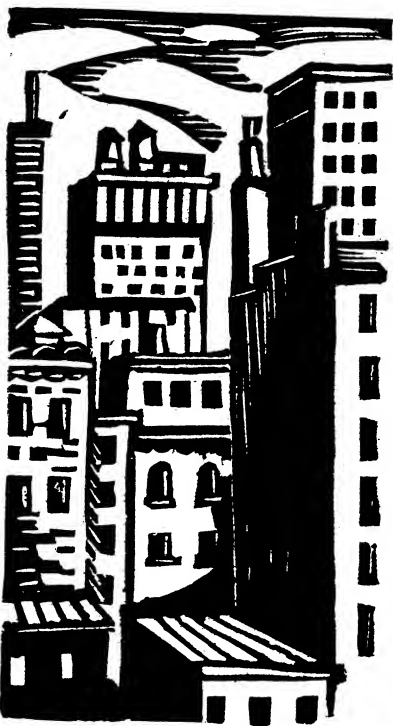
Once when Mother was out of the room, Cousin Eve had called him to her, and pressing him close

against her body, had kissed him on the mouth. Through the thin stuff of his little blouse he could feel the warmth and softness of her breasts. Her mouth was wet against his. When she released him, he stumbled over to the window and stood staring out across the roof tops to where the factory chimneys were thrust against the sky, like great black cigars, smoking furiously. He felt queer and sick and happy inside, and he felt ashamed. But he wished Cousin Eve would do it again. Women were different from men. Softer. He liked women better.

The next day Cousin Eve went away. That was the last time he ever saw her.

It was vacation time. Miss Fowler had gone, and the school books were locked up out of the way behind the glass doors of the bookcase. Long idle days with nothing to do. Long days lying on his stomach before the bedroom window, looking at a print of a Virgin Mary with the child Jesus which hung above his head, and drawing pictures on a big yellow tablet. He had a copy of a Zorn etching which he had torn from a magazine. He kept it hidden at the bottom of his playbox, only bringing it out when he was alone.

Once his mother came silently



into the room and found him intent on a drawing.

"Let's see your picture, Henry," she said. Henry turned a slow dull red and put both hands over

his drawing. But when she pulled them away, she saw only a series of long curving lines like little flat, bare hills traced against the background of yellow paper.

"Silly," she laughed, and rumpled his hair between her fingers.

After that, Henry kept his drawings hidden in the playbox with the Zorn etching.

He lay in bed listening to the swirl of wind as it whipped the rain against the windows. He lay flat on his back with his arms rigid along his sides, his toes curled under with the intensity of his willing. If he relaxed only an instant it would come back, rolling over him like the ninth great wave, carrying him away past all decency, all hope. He concentrated furiously on sheep. Sheep jumping over an eternal stile. But the other pictures would crowd in, blotting out the silly bleating animals. He yielded suddenly, with a whimper of shame, burying his hot cheek in the pillow. And the wave covered him, submerged him, dragged him down—down—

Henry was going away to school. The doctor recommended it. "Football, out-of-door life, discipline, that's what he needs."

"Yes," said Henry's father. He turned toward Henry who was sitting by the open window with his back to the light.

"Wait for me outside, son," he said.

Henry went through the narrow hall and stood at the top of the steps, jerking his shoulder a little and twisting the corner of his mouth between his teeth. In a few moments his father joined him.

"The doctor thinks you'd like it at Dunham," he said as they turned up the avenue.

"All right," Henry answered quietly. But inside it was as though little hands were clutching at his stomach, making him sick.

When he heard the chapel clock strike four, Henry rose and buttoned the book he had been reading out of sight beneath his Norfolk jacket. Already it was growing dark in the shadow of the trees along the river's edge. He started back toward the dormitory, cutting across the playground. When he was close to the building Butch Mattheson spied him and came running toward him, arms and legs flying.

"Well, here's our Hennery. Wait, Hennery, darling."

Some of the other boys stopped their games and came running too. This was going to be sport. Butch caught Henry by the shoulder and swung him around.

"Well, dearie, where have you



Woodcuts by W. F. McCartin

been all afternoon? Mamma's been anxious."

He gave him a shake and roared with laughter. The book stowed away beneath Henry's jacket slipped down and fell on the grass, the leaves fluttering open. Butch picked it up. "Little Rollo's picture book," he said. He flipped the pages over, then stopped abruptly and examined the book with interest.

"So," he said at last. "That's the sort of a kid you are. Well, I'll be damned!" He spat out a word that made Henry recoil with shame.

The Headmaster, crossing the playground to his office, saw the little group of boys and joined them.

"What's the matter?" he questioned sharply. "What's that you have, Mattheson?"

Butch thrust the book into his hand. The Head glanced at it and then at the group of silent boys.

"Where did this come from?" he asked.

Butch jerked his thumb toward Henry. "Him."

"Come to my office in the morning, Evans," said the Head, and swung off toward the building.

The next morning Henry was closeted with the Head for two







*Woodcuts by W. F. McCartin*



Drawing by Peggy Bacon

*"Yes — Louise is a very unusual child!"*

hours. When at last he emerged he went straight to his room and shut himself in. Then he stood a long while by the window staring down into the empty playground, his hand fumbling with the curtain cord.

In the morning his father came to take him home. That was the end of his school career.

It was during his seventeenth year that his Uncle George came East on a visit. Uncle George owned a cattle ranch in Montana, in the Butte country. This was the first time he had been East for over ten years.

He told the family long stories about Montana. Miles and miles of bare, brown hills rolling up to the horizon. Strange flattened buttes outlined against the sky. Henry listened avidly. He liked the stories of cowboys riding alone across the prairie. He pictured them with brown throats, singing against the wind, sleeping under the stars with a saddle for a pillow, untroubled by dreams. He asked Uncle George many questions, leaning forward eagerly, his cheeks faintly touched with color.

Uncle George and his father had been shut in the library all evening. When Henry passed the door he could hear the low murmur of their voices. He wondered what they were talking about and asked his mother, but she only went on taking quick short stitches in the scarf she was embroidering and did not answer him. Finally the door opened and the men came out. Father crossed over to the reading light and picked up the evening paper, Uncle George stood with his back to the fire, grinning down at Henry.

"How'd you like to go back West with me?" he asked.

Henry started, and his mother cried "No-no-no!" very quickly and spread her sewing out over her knees like a little white flag of truce.

His father stirred and put down his paper. "Seems to me that's for the boy to decide," he said slowly.

Henry felt a faint stirring of excitement. . . . Bare, brown hills rolling up into the horizon; the strange flattened outline of buttes against the sky. . . . He had read in books of men going West—wicked men—and it changed them completely. Something happened to them out there that made them different. Perhaps. . . .

"Better come along, kid," said Uncle George.

"All right," he answered. His voice came from far down in his throat as though it were someone else speaking.

"Good idea, Henry," said his father. He took a cigar from his pocket and carefully, musingly, bit off the end and threw it into the grate. Then he sat chewing the unlighted cigar, saying nothing.

A dozen times a day during the trip West, Henry longed for the clean coolness of his bedroom at home. The heat in the long narrow pullman was grilling. When he put his hand down on the window ledge it stuck to the hot varnish. At night, lying behind the green curtains of his berth, he twisted restlessly, feeling beneath his cheek the scratch of cinders. Even the stars looked hot, like bonfires seen at a great distance.

They alighted late one afternoon at a small town called Cedarcrest. Two cottonwoods, gritty with dirt,

grew by the station. There was not another tree in sight. The town was hideous. In the glaring afternoon sunlight, the houses sagged crazily like children's drawings.

One of the men, from the ranch was waiting for them with a wagon. Uncle George climbed in front, Henry got in back with the luggage. They drove out of the little town and along a road that wound between bare hills covered with sage brush. The dust rose about the wagon, sifting over their bodies like flour. Henry could feel a thin fine coating of grit upon his teeth and in the corners of his eyes. Bare hills rolled away to the horizon. Now and then a gopher with a striped back and a stiff awkward tail like a spoon handle darted across the road. There was no other sign of life. Not even a bird fluttered out of the bush at the side of the trail. God, it was hot! The whole world was slowly burning up.

Above the rattle of the wagon and the padding of the horses' hoofs, rose the voices of Uncle George and Bill. Henry caught fragments of their conversation.

"Not so good—not so good. It takes a man with guts to stand this life."

A moment of silence broken only by the jingle of harness and the steady creaking of the wagon springs. Then Bill—"Any good looking skirts where you was?"

"Fair," said Uncle George, and spat from between his teeth.

"Wait 'til you see the big Swede at Hatfield's." Bill chuckled. "She's some stepper!" He gave Uncle George a poke with his elbow and roared with laughter. "Ain't tried my hand on her yet. But I'm goin' to some day. You betcha."

Henry leaned forward, alert. What were they saying? A big Swede—a stepper? A stepper was a— He wished the wagon wouldn't rattle so—

Toward evening, when the shadows of the buttes were growing long, they sighted from the top of a little hill a low ranch house sprawled along the bank of a dried-up stream.

"That's Hatfield's place," said Uncle George. "We'll stop there over night. Its a good five hours further to the ranch. By golly, you look all in, Henry."

Mrs. Hatfield, a little woman in a faded percale apron, came to the door to meet them. Henry climbed out of the wagon and staggered up to the porch where Uncle George introduced him. Mrs. Hatfield looked at him with concern.

"Poor kid," she said, "You're all wore out. You'll feel better after a wash-up and some sleep. I'll get Olga to take you to your room. She called into the dark hall, "Olga."

A big Swedish girl came through the hall and stood framed against the open door. She wore a fresh print dress that showed the splendid modelling of her throat, and her hair, like pulled taffy, was twisted about her head in two thick braids. She was a Zorn woman.

Henry followed her up the stairs and along the hall. She opened a door on the right and held it for him to enter. The shades were drawn in the bedroom and it looked cool. The counterpane on the bed gleamed like a patch of snow against the darkness.

Henry turned. Olga was staring at him with her little, deep-set eyes. He stared back, fascinated, forgetting how tired he was and how miserable. The girl's breasts moved up and down under her thin cambric frock. When she smiled, he saw that one of her teeth was missing. For some reason, this seemed inexpressibly funny and he laughed, a shallow, childish laugh.

Olga came towards him slowly. When she was quite close she put out her hand and ran it lingeringly along his arm. "You're a purty boy," she said softly. Then she turned and went out of the room. He saw her open the door across the passageway. Before she closed it she looked back and smiled at him again, a slow smile.

Henry found himself trembling with a suppressed, inner excitement. For a moment he stood quite still in the middle of the floor where she had left him; then he turned and flung himself face downward on the bed. He slept almost immediately, his face buried



*Drawing by Peggy Bacon*

*"Yes — Louise is a very unusual child!"*



between his arms, one dirty shoe on the white counterpane.

All through supper Henry was conscious of Olga. When she refilled his glass she pressed close against him. It made him feel queer and a little dizzy. The way he had felt long ago when Cousin Eve had kissed him. The sleep had done him good. He was rested. A little stiff perhaps—but rested.

After supper he walked up and down in the ranch yard. The men sat on the porch smoking and talking about stock. Through an open window he could watch Olga washing dishes in the kitchen. She had rolled her sleeves above the elbow and he saw the tender white flesh of her upper arm.

A little breeze came up and rustled the leaves of the cottonwoods that grew along the stream bed.

"Guess we'll turn in, Henry," called Uncle George.

Henry went back to the porch and followed Uncle George into the house and up the narrow stairs. The light from the candle was dim and wavering against the darkness.

It seemed as though he had been lying in bed for hours, flat on his

back, waiting for Uncle George to fall asleep. Uncle George turned, flinging the covers from his shoulders. "God, its hot!" After a long while he began to breathe deeply. Henry waited until he was sure, then he slipped out of bed and crept along the floor in his bare feet. At the door he hesitated, the muscles of his stomach taut with fright. But something stronger, more overwhelming, drew him forward.

The hall was black and empty. Carefully he groped his way across until his fingers touched the opposite wall. Then he felt for the door. He found it at last, and slowly, quietly turned the handle. The door yielded easily.

After the darkness of the hall—light. One candle which flickered on a table at the bedside. Olga sat on the edge of the bed in her night-dress with her hair falling in two thick braids across her shoulders. She was leaning forward a little and her gown hung open at the throat.

She did not move, only looked at Henry with her little green cat-eyes. It was as though she had expected him. Neither of them spoke. They simply stared at each other while the candle flared and threw

strange glancing shadows against the walls. Then without shifting his glance, Henry began to move slowly, cautiously toward the bed.

When he reached Olga, he dropped on his knees and put both arms around her waist. Through the flimsy gown he could feel her warm damp flesh. Still neither of them spoke.

Suddenly, with a quick, abrupt movement of his body, Henry buried his head deep in the hollow between Olga's breasts. He could feel them pressing against his cheeks, smooth and warm and a little sticky. He could feel Olga's heart beating clear and strong, close to his right ear, and her big hands moving slowly, slowly, along his back.

"My purty boy," said Olga, "My purty boy—"

The men were off the next morning before sunrise. Uncle George, heavy-eyed with sleep, gulped down a cup of strong coffee and munched a roll. Henry lingered over his breakfast, savoring each mouthful. He was unusually hungry.

Mrs. Hatfield waved to them from the steps as they drove off;

no one else was stirring. The air was clear and fresh, still cool with the dampness of early morning. The first rays of sunlight outlined the farthest butte. Black ivory against the pale sky.

Henry was amazingly, unreasonably happy. It was good to feel the wind cool against his throat and to hear the soft padding of the horses' hoofs in the dust. From a bush at the roadside, a meadow lark skimmed upward, leaving behind a thin, sweet curl of song. Henry shivered with ecstasy and began to whistle, slightly off key.

"Good Lord," said Uncle George, "The kid looks better already." He gave Henry a resounding slap on the knee, then turned back to talk to Bill.

Henry learned forward watching the sun send exploring fingers of light into the dark valley. Golly, it was a great world. He liked this country. It made him feel good. Dandy! He'd settle here forever and ever. He'd learn to ride hard and shoot straight. That's what a man should do—ride hard and shoot straight. Women? Hell! He knew all about women. They were all right in their place. But this was a man's world. . . .



Drawing by M. Resnickoff

## NEEDIEST CASE NO. 99

"Cheer up, Gertie, God will provide!" "There ain't no god."  
"Well, then, the New York Times."



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*"Well, then, the New York Times."*



# "REORGANIZING" THE FUR WORKERS

By JOHN AUSTIN

During the month of October the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor was held in Los Angeles, California.

Many interesting things happened there. One of the delegates was arrested. So were several local labor leaders—all of them taken into custody by the chief of the city's secret service. This was done to protect the convention delegates from a 'red plot'. It was also to protect them from the introduction of 'violent' resolutions. It was very successful. No progressive resolutions of any kind were introduced.

Nevertheless there were lots of speeches. General Summerall, chief of the Army General Staff, made one of them. He was introduced by President William Green as a 'friend of labor', and during his eulogy he said he had often been "startled by the identity of the sentiments of President Green and those of the captains of industry". He ought to have known better than to be 'startled', but evidently he harbors some old-fashioned ideas about labor.

The Los Angeles *Evening Express*, however, understands the situation perfectly. In welcoming the delegates to this premier open-shop town, it said:

"The American Federation of Labor under the leadership of the late Samuel Gompers, and under Mr. Green, his successor, has claim to distinction for service outside its purely labor activities. It has been one of the most powerful national agencies to combat Communism and the spread of insidious red propaganda, thus standing as a bulwark in defense of the government and the American institutions of liberty."

This paper apparently has a nose for news. It has probably been watching Mr. Green's good work in the New York needle trades for instance. Here, for the past two and a half years "American institutions of liberty" have been protected by a systematic effort to expel—from the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, and later from the New York Joint Board of the International Fur Workers Union—all members who could by any stretch of the liveliest imagination be termed radical. Among this group are Communists; in it are also Democrats and Republicans. The policy has been to drive from the union—and that means throw out of employment—all members who believe that a trade union, to fulfill its function, must of necessity be an active, militant organization.

In the cloak and dressmakers' union, the expulsion process has

been carried on by the president of the International and his associates in office. At one time, there were several of the International officials who belonged to the progressive forces. They were expelled along with the rebellious members of the rank and file. This was said to be done in accordance with "the will of the membership." No proof of this was ever given.

But the "will" behind the expulsions became quite clear when the campaign opened in the Fur Workers Union. Practically all the furriers are progressives. There was no one inside the union to do the throwing out. The International president, who no longer

posed as a radical, was too weak. So when the expelling was to begin, officials of the American Federation of Labor—who had merely by verbal approval and financial aid helped the president of the cloak and dressmakers—stepped in and undertook the job themselves.

They decided there ought to appear to be some reason for expelling all the officers and leaders of a union, so in the middle of the fur strike in 1926, President Green of the Federation, together with Hugh Frayne, New York A. F. of L. organizer, went secretly to the fur manufacturers and negotiated a tentative peace. They made many concessions not included in

the strike demands of the union. Then they issued a call to the workers.

"Come and be saved. Your wicked leaders are prolonging the strike unnecessarily. We can settle it now. We will rescue you from these terrible progressives who are heading you for destruction."

But the fur workers refused to be saved. They howled down the attempt to present the peace terms to them. They would listen to no leaders except the ones they themselves had elected to conduct the strike. Mr. Green and Mr. Frayne had to back down—and out—until the strike was successfully terminated at the end of 17 weeks. Naturally the interference of the A. F. of L. officials had somewhat weakened the union's position when it came to the negotiation of a settlement. But the principal demands were won, particularly the forty-hour, five-day week. Mr. Green, himself, when he came to the annual convention of the A. F. of L. at Detroit cited this gain as one of the great achievements of American labor during the preceding year—just as though he had been responsible for gaining it, instead of having done all in his power to give it away.

The first expulsion move having failed, a new scheme was hatched. The A. F. of L. decided to investigate the conduct of the fur strike—not their own conduct, but that of the leaders who had won the strike demands in spite of Mr. Green's active sabotage. It was very evident they were hunting for some excuse to get rid of the progressives; but they had a hard time deciding what it should be. They investigated records. They spent months interrogating everyone they could think of. They would not have the investigation public. It was just a little family affair, they said—and oh so friendly. They kept assuring the officers of the union that it was all very, very friendly. They joked and patted them on the back, and mooched along until they had accumulated a report of thousands of pages.

Then after carefully scrutinizing and studying this report they discovered that the officers of the New York Joint Board of the International Fur Workers Union were guilty of bribing the police during their strike. The A. F. of L. officials were just horrified and scandalized. Their blushes were pitiful. They just could not have such people in the A. F. of L. By

## THE AVERAGE AMERICAN

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

**HE** thinks that American workingmen make twelve dollars a day.

**He** believes in the right of free speech and in stiff prison sentences for those who try to exercise it.

**He** is sure that prohibition is a good thing for the country and he knows where he can get some pretty good stuff.

**He** thinks that Eddie Guest is a poet, Harold Bell Wright a novelist and Abie's Irish Rose a drama.

**He** likes pretty girl covers on magazines and western films at the movies. **He** thinks that comic strips are funny and that Dempsey is the real champion.

**He** believes that ball players, prize fighters and aviators write their writings and that Edison and Ford make sense when they talk.

**He** thinks that there is some connection between advertising and truth. **He** has a superstition that newspaper editorials are wise but he does not read them. **He** thinks there is too much crime in the papers and he consumes all there is.

**He** thinks that Sacco and Vanzetti were probably innocent of murder but guilty of the greater crimes of disrespect for the government and of being born abroad.

**He** thinks we saved Europe from destruction during the war and he has no further interest in foreigners.

**He** has a radio and is thrilled when he is able to get Dallas, Texas.

**He** says we shall have to take Mexico before long and clean it all up.

**He** thinks that immorality is something that goes on in large cities.

**He** is sure that the Russian government will fall in about two weeks.

**He** thinks that the best way to preserve peace is for us to have a large army and navy.

**He** votes the straight Republican ticket. When he is dissatisfied he votes it anyhow.

**He** thinks that Hughes is the ablest man in the country but he doesn't like him very much. **He** is under the impression that Kellogg is an authority on foreign affairs and that Wilbur knows something about the navy.

**He** thinks Coolidge runs the government economically and doesn't talk much.

**He** admits that there was some corruption during the Harding administration but knows that government is now 100% pure.

**He** has a basic mental age of eight.

royal edict, every progressive leader was thrown out of the furriers' union — Joint Board manager, president, secretary and treasurer, members of the executive board, and all officers of local unions affiliated therewith without hearing or trial and in plain violation of the union constitution. The Joint Board was then declared dissolved and its local unions suspended. The fact that an investigation by New York City authorities resulted in a report declaring that no evidence of police bribery could be found, made no difference in the matter. Progressives were to be ousted, even if they didn't bribe the police.

With righteous fervor, the Federation now set to work reorganizing the furriers' union. That the workers refused to consider their officers expelled, and that the work of the union proceeded just as usual, made no difference to the A. F. of L. They hired new headquarters and set up a dual union. Edward F. McGrady, who won his spurs selling liberty bonds and fighting radicals during the world war, was put in charge. His chief advisor was Matthew Woll, the A. F. of L. vice-president who had conducted the furriers investigation. He is acting-president of the National Civic Federation, notorious for its denunciation of every progressive element in the community. Many of its board of directors are prominent open-shoppers, and its secretary Ralph Easley is an apoplectic heresy hunter and professional patriot.

McGrady and Woll gathered round them a handful of men who had formerly been officers in the fur workers' union but had lost their jobs, because of their corrupt practices, and had left the union when the progressive administration came into power in 1925. They gathered also a few workers who had scabbed during the 1926 strike and were disgruntled because they had been heavily fined for their betrayal. To these were added several well-known professional gangs from the East Side, and they called it a union—the Fur Workers Council.

The Council persuaded one group of manufacturers to break their contract with the Joint Board, and discharge all workers who would not register with the new union and pay their dues. The Joint Board called a strike to protect these workers, and force the employers to live up to their agreements. Then the Council brought its gangsters into the field, and there began a reign of terror whose victims have not all been numbered yet.

On the picket line, one morning early in the strike, was Aaron Gross, a vice-president of the Inter-

national (before he was declared expelled) and chief business agent of the Joint Board. He was pointed out by a member of the Council, and two men wielding soda bottles struck him over the head. An artery in his neck was severed and he nearly died. It was weeks before his recovery was assured. He is still not entirely well. His assailants when arrested acknowledged they were neither members of the union nor fur workers. Both had police records. One had served two terms for burglary.

A few weeks after this, four fur workers were attacked with iron bars by seven men who jumped from an automobile in the garment district, during the morning picketing hour. When caught, they were found to have eight iron bars twelve inches long. They informed the police that they were not fur workers but were hired by the International — "the right wing organization"—to 'work' for them at \$50 a week. Several of these men

had previous convictions for felonies. In their attack on the workers they had broken an arm of one man, an ankle of another, the hand of a third, and given a severe scalp wound as well as body slashes to the fourth. Many other workers had been assaulted in the same way — knocked unconscious with iron bars, slashed and stabbed with knives—but their assailants were never caught. This was just once that they did not make their escape.

But being caught did not bother these professional sluggers. They were working for the Council maintained by the A. F. of L. and the officials of the A. F. of L. have not been in politics all these years for nothing. It has influence in New York City; influence that counts. Not one of these gangsters, nor the ones who assaulted Gross, was ever prosecuted. They were

duly held by the magistrate's court, but they were freed by the Grand Jury.

In contrast to this is the case of two fur workers, Sam Kurland and Sam Gold. They were entering Jefferson Market Court one morning to testify against two friends of the Fur Council who had assaulted Kurland and another worker, Joseph Lapresti. Lapresti was still in the hospital unable to appear as complainant. Gold was appearing as a witness to the attack. At the courtroom door Gold and Kurland were arrested charged with assault by a man they had never seen before. They were held for investigation by the Grand Jury, together with the two men they were accusing. When the Grand Jury met, Lapresti appeared before them still bandaged and weak from the attack on him. His assailants were dismissed.

Against Kurland and Gold appeared a man who could show no sign of his alleged attack, who admitted he had needed no doctor's attention but claimed his hand had been cut. On this testimony, Kurland and Gold were indicted for felonious assault. They were tried, and in spite of the testimony of six witnesses contradicting the complainant, the men were convicted. At the close of the trial, the District Attorney himself informed the judge that there were facts in the case which led him to believe that the whole story had not been brought out at the trial—especially in the case of Gold. He asked for a postponement of sentence. Gold was released on bail; Kurland was sent to the Tombs while the judge went to Europe for the summer. Upon his return he asked Kurland if he wanted to tell who was responsible for the assault he had made—who were the higher-ups in the case. Kurland said there were none because there had been no assault. The judge gave him a few days to think it over and 'change his mind' — a few days to decide whether he would gain leniency and possible freedom by framing up his union officers. He stuck to the truth. He got five years in Sing Sing. Gold was sent to the penitentiary with an indefinite sentence.

There have been several such frame-ups as that of Oscar Mileaf, a fur worker, who was sent to Welfare Island for six months because a member of the Council stated—without any corroborating testimony — that Mileaf had 'threatened' to attack him. And there is still pending the appeal of the case of nine fur workers convicted of assault by a jury at Mineola, Long Island, because of the false information given to the District Attorney and his detectives by

From a Lithograph by P. Kurka



PEASANT WOMAN

ternational — “the right wing organization”—to ‘work’ for them at \$50 a week. Several of these men

*From a Lithograph by P. Kurka*



**PEASANT WOMAN**



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*From a Lithograph by P. Kurka*



**PEASANT WOMAN**



HUGO  
GELLERT

*Drawing by Hugo Gellert*

RIDING DOWN PICKETS IN  
THE COLORADO MINE STRIKE





HUGO  
GELLERT

*Drawing by Hugo Gellert*

RIDING DOWN PICKETS IN  
THE COLORADO MINE STRIKE



the A. F. of L. and the Fur Council. Lawyers such as Frank P. Walsh who have studied the records in this case say that the frame-up is more apparent here than in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Detective Evans who testified against the fur workers at the trial admitted that he went to the dual union set up by the A. F. of L. and there obtained information that enabled him to make up the case. Justice Mitchel May of the Brooklyn Supreme Court in granting a certificate of reasonable doubt to the workers convicted at Mineola declared that a most cursory examination of the records showed that "an atmosphere that could easily have been created at the trial to influence the minds of the jury against these defendants is readily apparent," that the proof offered by the District Attorney was "far from impressive" and that "his opening cross examination and his summation are to be carefully criticized."

While the Fur Workers Council continues to terrorize the fur workers, and makes no gains in membership, what happens to the working standards which the militant furriers fought years to gain? During the administration of the left wing in the union the wages of cutters had increased 32 per cent in two years, the wages of operators 30 per cent, the wages of nailers 35 per cent and those of finishers 48 per cent.

Then came the Woll-McGrady reorganization. A typical Seventh Avenue fur shop illustrates the results. Cutters who in 1926 were averaging \$130 a week are now receiving \$34; operators were cut from \$67 to \$30; nailers from \$60 to \$33; finishers from \$45 to \$20. This is a representative case.

As for hours, it can only be reported that when they were reorganized the furriers were working the 40-hour week gained in their strike. But one of the concessions given to the employers by the Woll-McGrady gang in return for the employers' support of their drive on the lefts was the abandonment of the 40-hour week. Now the workers toil any number of hours—44, 46 and when there is a pile of work on hand they work 50, 60 and even 70 hours a week. And overtime is being paid for at straight time rates instead of the time and a half rates provided for in the agreement that ended the 1926 strike. The only shops that still observe the 40-hour week are those of the trimming manufacturers still under the control of the left wing Joint Board.

In addition there has been an increase of sweat shops, an abnormal growth of small contracting shops,

home work, piece work and speed-up systems—to such an extent that over 5,000 workers have been thrown out of work during months when the season is normally at its height. The worker has consequently lost all sense of security in his job. He is absolutely helpless before the boss. The most active and militant workers have been fired and the sucker and slave retained.

These are the achievements of the A. F. of L. reorganization committee in the Furriers' Union.

Why have the employers assisted the Woll-McGrady outfit in this work of demoralizing the trade? To line their own pockets? Yes, and to show their patriotism. The gist of the employers' position was contained in a statement made by a manufacturer a few weeks ago. Replying to a protest made by a leader of the progressive cloakmakers he said:

"It is unfair to discharge workers who won't register, I know. But what can we do? We can't oppose the United States Government, and that's what this union fight has come to mean.

"It isn't your group defying the right wing group. It's you against the American Federation of Labor, and they are carrying out the policies of the United States government."

And how clever these government policies are! To all appearances it is not the Department of Justice or the Secret Service but the labor officials who fight the radicals. The detective forces of the city and the nation cooperate, and the liberals utter not a peep about law and order and constitutional rights.

It is the labor officials who fight the Communists for the government. They slug and maim and send innocent workers to jail and to the hospital. They fight recognition of Russia's labor government. They fight every form of militant or progressive trade unionism. They even fight more class conscious attempts at workers' education. They fight all those who favor a Labor Party, or those who would combat American imperialism.

Behind the scenes the strings are pulled by the same hand that guided the rope at the Haymarket hangings, that launched the Buford, that threw the switch on Sacco and Vanzetti.

In the spotlight stands Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the National Civic Federation, pal of strike-breaker Ralph Easley. With him stands William Green, "a bulwark in defense of the government and the American institutions," speaking with his masters' voice.



HUGO  
GELLERT

Drawing by Hugo Gellert

## A SOUTHERN MILL TOWN

(Henderson, North Carolina, is a little town 40 miles from Durham. This fall the workers of the five mills owned by the Cooper brothers demanded back the 12½ per cent increase which was cut from their wages in 1924 and promised them "when conditions warranted." The workers saw the mills running full time, day and night, and thought the time was ripe, but the mill bosses threw their petition in the waste basket. Then came the walkout, which lasted five weeks and brought Alfred Hoffman, southern organizer of the American Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers, to the scene. He helped the strikers organize a local of the United Textile Workers, in which his own union is an autonomous unit, and aided in obtaining relief. Tobacco farmers of the surrounding country sent in vegetables and the strikers gave time to farm work. But the Coopers bought off a few leaders who led the rest astray with false promises while Hoffman was away at his union convention seeking more relief funds. Art Shields visited Henderson a few weeks after the strike ended, when the workers

were realizing that the Coopers' promises were empty ones.)

Henderson really cuts one: such misery!

I could not realize what living on a few dollars a week meant till I heard those women talking. There were three of them, in front of the Johnson store, alongside of the union organizer's auto. I stepped in as they were talking to him.

They are gaunt, these factory women, gaunt and yellow-skinned. A woman of thirty-five or forty was talking. Her nose and cheekbones stuck out. There were heavy brown crows-feet under the yellow skin.

"I had only thirty-five cents in my envelope," she was saying. "They took everything else out."

The company deducts for wood, rent, coal, and is taking off now for groceries advanced in the early days of the strike.

"I declare," said another woman, with little yellow rimmed spectacles, "I'll be glad when my oldest boy is old enough to work in the mills and help me out. I just can't live on what I'm getting."

She complained because Miss Wardell, "that welfare woman," comes around to see that all the children under 14 are in school.

"I want my boys to get larnin'," she said. "I didn't have no chance to get any myself till I got married, but I want my boys to git it. But we got to live."

The third woman spoke up. Her last week's pay was \$3.75 before deductions. Remember that figure. You don't find it in the books. Even Paul Blanshard's study mentions nothing that low in North Carolina.

We drove about the town. On the "Hill" a woman came out; a winsome person in the shabbiest of cheap cotton dresses, as they all wore. With the loveliest of smiles, from a death's-head face. It is hard to give the picture: such astonishing contrast of spirit and disease. She has T. B.

"The boy's still havin' night sweats," she was telling the union organizer.

"Yes, I'm workin' again, but I'm still with you, and I'll stick," she said. The skin was drawn so tightly over her bones that you'd think they would break through. She was a scarecrow of a woman, except for that lovely kind smile.

But let the smile pause and the face became ghastly. Her neck was like a bean pole.

The consumptive son is 17 or so. The county authorities dismissed him from a road gang (prison gang) when his cough became too bad. The city visitor had been promising the mother to take the boy to the sanitarium, but did nothing till the union organizer denounced her from the truck-platform at a strike meeting. Then the boy was taken away—probably to death. The little girl of seven has a hacking cough.

Mocassin Bottom is the "tough" section of the village and respectable mill workers mention it in shocked tones. A woman of 45 or 50, a mill worker all her life, told us she jes' wouldn't dare go through Mocassin Bottom at night.

"Would they rob you?" We asked.

"No, they wouldn't rob you," she said with a rising inflection that suggested more horrific mysteries. "I jes' wouldn't go through there." She wished she was back in Greensboro. The village was so much better and the company would fire any "dissipated" woman.

"Ah'd move but foh mah hawg," she said. "Mah ole Greensboro mill ud move me but the hawg ain't big enough yet. When the hawg is biggah ah'll ki-ill him and cu-ut him up and salt him and then Ah can move."

A wise woman: her meat for the winter was in the big hog who was lolling in the pen in the rear.

One envies the hogs. They are positively the only well fed beings in the mill village. The men are lanky, the women are skinny, except for a few older women like the owner of this hog whose waist line has spread from much child-bearing.

I heard more of Mocassin Bottom from the righteous folks on the Hill. The great wickedness of The Bottom amounted to some Saturday night and Sunday boozing, with a little gambling and prostitution.

The chief bootlegger is the proudest rebel in Mocassin Bottom. He worked in the mill long ago, and his wife until recently. He manufactures all grades of booze for workers and drinks his own—said to be rare among bootleggers. The bootlegger attends all union meetings and is a stalwart of stalwarts. He hates the Coopers who own the mill.

"What you all standing around here like a snake in the grass? Come in," he is reported to have said to a member of the firm listening on the outskirts of a strike meeting.

Arthur Shields.



Drawing by Don Brown

**DENATURED**

"Company unions, near beer—they've took the kick out of everything, eh Mike?"  
"You said it. They'll be givin' us synthetic wimmin next."

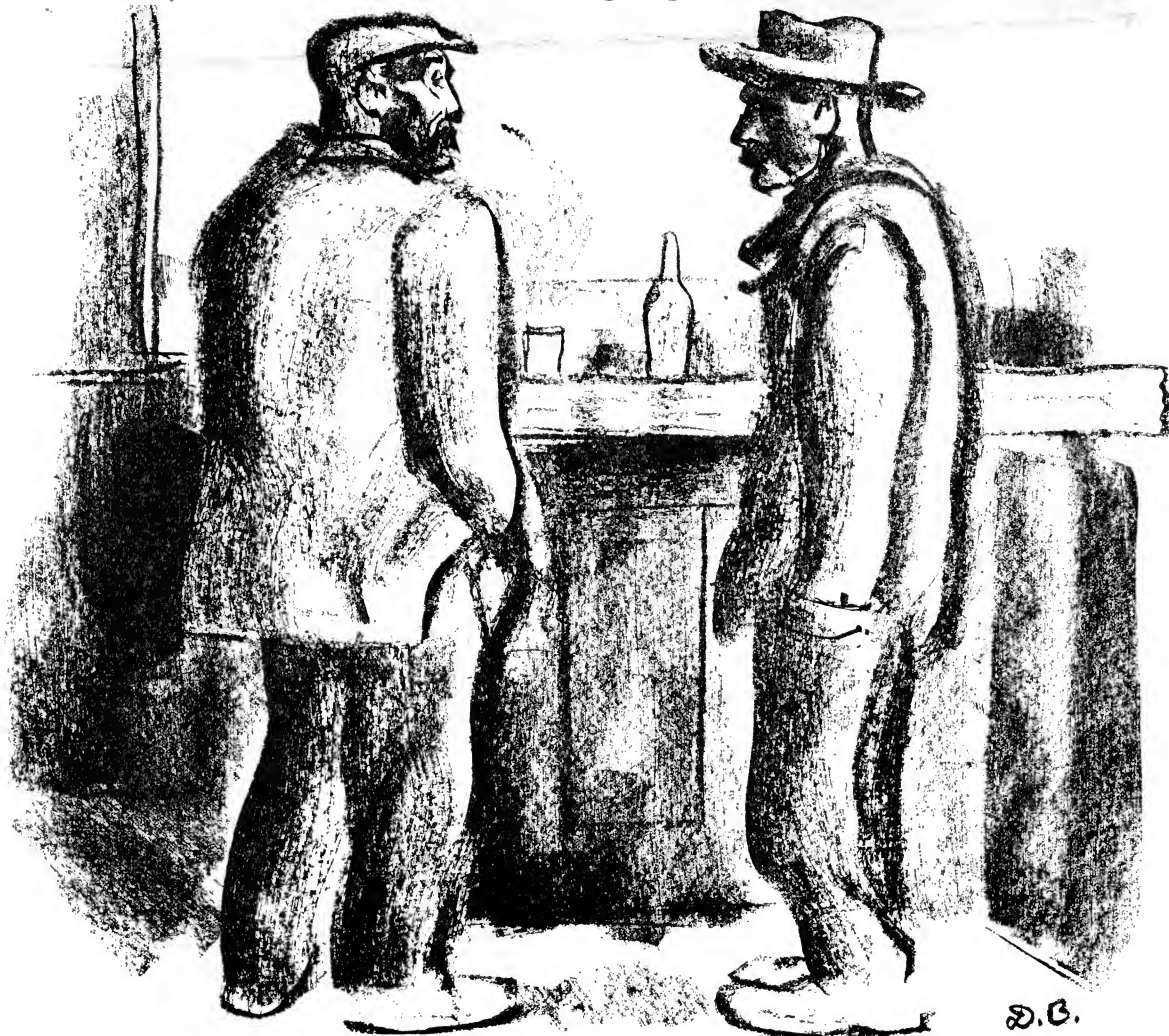


## DENATURED

*Drawing by Don Brown*

*"Company unions, near beer—they've took the kick out of everything, eh Mike?"  
"You said it. They'll be givin' us synthetic wimmin next."*





D.B.

*Drawing by Don Brown*

## DENATURED

*"Company unions, near beer—they've took the kick out of everything, eh Mike?"  
"You said it. They'll be givin' us synthetic wimmin next."*

# MOCK HOLIDAY

By RUTH SKEEN

GOLDIE CINNAMON was a shop girl. Her thin, lithe body was somehow, elegant. On her meager salary she contrived to look like Norma Shearer. Her cheap clothes were somehow smart. She knew at what angle to wear a hat and her legs were lovely.

Goldie was not educated but wise, O, very wise. Ford engine and Fisher body. She worked in the hosiery department at Bernheimer's.

The Trieb's had lived in Los Angeles a year. They knew only one family, the Tufflemires who had come out from Iowa when they did. Mrs. Trieb and Mrs. Tufflemire might have been twins. Tweedledum and Tweedledee. With this difference. Mrs. Tufflemire had a game leg and couldn't gad. So Mrs. Trieb went alone.

Mr. Trieb departed each morning for an imposing mausoleum called a bank, where he entered a cage-like compartment and spent the day handing money through a barred window in exchange for bits of paper. Had he been in Sing Sing, people would have pitied him. Lonely Mrs. Trieb spent her day wandering through the labyrinthian aisles of department stores among silks, laces, cosmetics, china, rugs, Victrolas, radio sets, washing machines and tin ware.

Her weakness was silk stockings. She pulled them on recklessly over her shapeless varicose legs. The result was endless runs. Which was lucky for Goldie.

"Well, good morning, Mrs. Trieb. We've some new shades today. Taupe, nude, dawn, beige, apricot. And there's not a store in town carries a hose equal to our Gloria. Guaranteed against runs or your money back." "What do you get out of kiddin' that old dame," asked Rosie Parfait, "she looks like a trick seal to me."

"Well, I sell her hose, don't I? I feel sorry for the old cement flap jack. She's so lonesome she'd talk to a wooden Indian."

Mrs. Trieb liked Goldie because the girl listened good-naturedly to her monologue.

"My daughter's little boy in Cedar Rapids has got the mumps. And he started to school this fall. Time certainly flies, don't it."

"It sure does," commented Goldie.

One day Mrs. Trieb had a benevolent idea. She thought of asking Goldie to eat Thanksgiving dinner with her. She felt that Goldie would not be able to afford a dinner such as she could cook. It was really a wonderful idea.

Goldie, astonished, taken un-awares could give no excuse and had to accept.

"What did I tell you," sneered Rosie Parfait, "you'd better quit chinnin' with them old dames. They'll be adoptin' you next."

Goldie had only Sundays and holidays to do the things she need-

ed and wanted to do. She had planned to wash her two pairs of crepe de chine teddies and her four pairs of silk hose. She wanted to make a pan of fudge, wash her hair and sit on the fire escape while it dried reading *True Confessions* and smoking cigarettes. She had hoped to go with her G. F. later in the day to the Criterion to see John Gilbert in *Passionate Perils*. But now the day was smashed completely, for Mrs. Trieb, being very middle class, dined at three in the afternoon.

Goldie was, moreover, obliged to have her best blouse cleaned before she could go. And her gloves were too old to wear. Five dollars shot to hell. She felt she should be Ritzy and take Mrs. Trieb some flowers. It being Thanksgiving, she chose chrysanthemums. Three gorgeous yellow ones at a dollar apiece.

It rained. Goldie was glad. A bright day would have maddened her.

The electric cars were filled with dismal, yawning people who looked as though they had risen under protest and who were, like herself no doubt on the way to celebrate this mock holiday.

Mrs. Trieb lived in an atrocious house in a suburb called "Heliotrope Gardens". There was no heliotrope and there were no gardens. The Japanese servant admitted her haughtily.

"Hello, Harry," she remarked with perfect nonchalance, "Fine day for ducks, ain't it."

Goldie patted her hair, and parked her gum in her handkerchief. Too many tables, too many chairs, cut glass, mahogany, velvet rugs, a Victrola, an upright piano. Smug-

of steam, removing plates. Mr. Trieb ate himself wheezy, purple, apoplectic. Mrs. Trieb beamed, rosy as a setting sun behind the sweating coffee urn. Everything swam before Goldie's eyes in a blue haze. The plum pudding leered at her. She was swelling visibly. Her tummy was a tight little drum. At last it was over. Mr. Trieb staggered feebly from the table and fell into a rocker.

Mrs. Trieb waddled with Goldie into the little conservatory which she called a "nookery". There were spotted begonias, plebeian geraniums, shrill canaries and a lazy Angora cat, replete with turkey bones.

Goldie managed to stay an hour longer.

"I guess I gotta go, Mrs. Trieb. You see, I gotta wash out some things. Days I don't work I have to do little things around home."

Mrs. Trieb was drowsily sympathetic.

"I sure do thank you. The din-was swell. It isn't often that a girl with my wages gets such a swank dinner unless she has a rich B. F. and not many working girls has that."

Mrs. Trieb understood sleepily, just how deeply grateful Goldie was.

"Well, I'm glad you enjoyed it. I said to Henry, it's so much better to invite some one who can appreciate a dinner like this and doesn't have it often than some-one that's used to it for it's just another dinner to them and it's a treat and an adventure to you."

The rain had ceased. Twilight lay like an enchantment upon the city. A lovely violent mist, shot with silver like a lady's veil.

Goldie made a dash for her car. She would call up her friend Sadie at the first drug store.

There was still the velvet night, a dark rich flower.

Mrs. Trieb removed her stays immediately. Mr. Trieb was read in the *Los Angeles Examiner*. He looked up at her and stopped chewing gum for a moment.

"Has the kid gone? Too much lip stick but I guess she enjoyed her dinner."

"Well, I guess she did. Did you notice how she ate? I bet she never had a dinner like that before. Think of her bringing me those flowers. She's a grateful little thing. I think I'll ask her often. They must have cost her all of three dollars."

Mr. Trieb made a clucking sound with his teeth.

"Gee whiz, the poor kid didn't make much. She coulda got a swank dinner at some cafeteria for three dollars."



Woodcut by Rufino Tamayo

R. Tamayo

ness, stuffiness, damned respectability. Conscious of it, Goldie's head tilted arrogantly. She yawned behind her hand.

Only the odor of roasting turkey drifting through the rooms, consoled her.

Mrs. Trieb beamed and bustled. She wanted Goldie to feel at home. She gave her a kodak album to look at. She wound the Victrola.

"What is your favorite record?"

"Have you got *Hot Papa, Step To My Time*?"

Mrs. Trieb had not. She played, instead *The End of a Perfect Day*.

Mr. Trieb entered, munching candy, the *Saturday Evening Post* under his arm. He shook hands with Goldie fulsomely and asked her how she liked the rain. Mrs. Trieb removed roses and put Goldie's chrysanthemums on the dining table. She called Mr. Trieb's attention to them. Goldie wanted to swear.

Dinner, at last, was served. Excellent, from soup to nuts. Goldie gorged as she was expected to do. She ate mincingly as she had seen girls do in the movies. The maid moved soundlessly through a fog



*Woodcut by Rufino Tamayo*

*R. Tamayo*



# TOWARDS A REVOLUTIONARY THEATRE

*Definition:* By theatre I don't mean a building or an idea, I mean a group of people, preferably a huge group of people; part of the group puts on plays and the rest forms the audience, an active working audience.

By American I don't mean that the group's interests must necessarily be limited to America, but that they should be as deeply rooted here as possible.

By revolutionary I mean that such a theatre must break with the present day theatrical tradition, not with the general traditions of the theatre, and that it must draw its life and ideas from the conscious sections of the industrial and white collar working classes which are out to get control of the great flabby mass of capitalist society and mould it to their own purpose. In an ideal state it might be possible for a group to be alive and have no subversive political tendency. At present it is not possible.

This is big talk. Still the theatre is a matter which it seems to me demands flamboyant treatment. If it is to compete with the vast milliondollar ineptitudes of the billiondollar movies, and with the crafty skill in flattering the public of the smart real estate men who run Broadway, the revolutionary experimental futurist "revolting" (or whatever you want to call it) theatre, has got to be planned on a large scale. The day of the frail artistic enterprise, keeping alive through its own exquisiteness, has passed. A play or a book or a picture has got to have bulk, toughness and violence to survive in the dense clanging traffic of twentieth century life.

Still big talk. Now let's talk small. What have we got as a basis of operations? (I am assuming that there are people, hundreds, thousands, maybe ten thousand people in this city who would be willing to take part in such a theatre as I've outlined. If that's a false assumption, we'll learn soon enough.) There's the Workers' Theatre, a small room on South Washington Square with the rent unpaid. Unfortunately there's little else to say about it. It's a germ that has vast possibilities of development and that's about all. Then there's talk of building an auditorium in one of the new co-operative apartment houses in the Bronx, and then there is the New Playwrights' Theatre, target of all the critics' bricks, operating obscurely on Commerce Street (that a bunch of London-minded aesthetes once tried to rename Cherry Lane). It is from the vantage point of the latter that I write.

The tunnel-shaped auditorium, gloomy at best, sloping down to a low proscenium, containing two hundred and forty uncomfortable seats, and some of them busted, is about as far as anything could be from the circus-shaped hall we would like to have; the tiny stage cramped into a picture-frame proscenium, is far indeed from the series of platforms jutting out into the audience that are needed for mass-plays. Beggars can't be choosers. The thing at present is

stop the steady trickling out of the dollars.

That's about all the N. P. T. has in the way of a plant.

In intangible assets we are richer. It's very surprising how easy it has been to find skillful, reliable and enthusiastic people willing to work in the theatre in spite of the starvation salaries we are forced to pay. There is one thing about which there is no doubt in my mind: at this moment the human material exists in New York out

sion by the rotting egos of the discouraged sons of doctors, lawyers and ministers, who for a century have used the arts as a mushy refuge from themselves. In a world building out of polished steel and glass all this padded brocade round the necks of sniffing geniuses is hokum and death to any sincere work. The first aim of an enterprise so dependent on human cooperation as a theatre must be the elimination of hokum, individually and collectively.

With hokum cleared out I don't think internal organization offers very serious difficulties. It's just a question of being willing to try all possible combinations of people until you find one that works. After all if all the individuals in a given body of people are more anxious to get certain work done than to find a niche for their own personal neuroses they are likely to find some satisfactory way of dividing it.

The trouble about money is its intimate association with hokum. We are so accustomed to part with our money only when drugged with the requisite dose, that it is going to be difficult, say the wise-acs, for a dehokumized organization, no matter how efficient it is, to get money. The cure is not more hokum, but less money. In spite of the enormous cost of everything connected with the theatre, it is possible for such a theatre, by continual and heartbreaking economy, to be self-supporting (assuming again the possibility of building up an audience of say ten thousand people, an audience that is not passive like a Broadway audience, but actively part of the theatre). Economy is most difficult because there is something about the very word theatre that connotes lavishness.

The group that solves these three problems, in its plays as well as in its organization, will create a real focus in American life. In method of presentation it will be something between high mass in a Catholic church and Barnum and Bailey's circus, both of which are rituals stripped to their bare lines. Vigor and imagination must take the place of expensiveness and subtlety. When it's possible to put on a great play in a big theatre for a couple of thousand bucks and sell your seats at fifty or seventy-five cents, you'll have something worth having. But where are the great plays you say? The woods are full of them. Give them a theatre for an outlet and the life pressure of a hundred million people will do the rest.

John Dos Passos.



Drawing by Louis Ribak

to operate even if we come down to putting on a flea circus. Big talk won't get us anywhere. American cities are full of the wrecks of theatres, derelicts from big talk in the past. Look at the Century.

On one side of the auditorium is a yard stacked with the debris of last season's sets which are to be rebuilt into this season's sets, upstairs is a workbench where the props are made, some cans of paint, a gluepot and a series of cramped dressing rooms where the long-suffering actors have to sit motionless and silent waiting for their cues, as every step on the floor sounds from the auditorium like an elephant doing a cakewalk. In the basement there are some offices where the white-collar slaves work on promotion and publicity and where desperate efforts are made to

of which the acting and the backstage of a great American theatre can be built. If we don't do it, somebody else will. If we don't do it, it will be due to lack of organizing skill and not through any deficiency in the crowd, in many ways raw and untrained, but genuinely rich in potentialities, that has in such a short time been collected in that ramshackle house on Commerce Street.

As I see it the three problems of a theatre of this sort (and I'm still assuming that there is a need for it and a working energetic audience for it) are hokum, internal organization and money.

We live in an air saturated with hokum. Particularly if you try to do anything in any of the so-called arts you are stifled by all the exhalations left in the profes-



*Drawing by Louis Ribak*



*ad of Dehn '27*

*Beethoven's Ninth Symphony*

*Drawing by Adolph Dehn*

## CHRISTMAS, 42ND STREET

Imagine Mary, looking like a wood-cut  
Made by a Masses artist, very ugly . . .  
A loop of angels and a shepherd's crook . . .

I do prefer my Mary from the Bible,  
Seen with some human sense, incredible story—  
A fairy-tale for little radicals.

Behold she bore him in a manger and  
Wished for her child, just as an animal mother  
Wishes the softest nest, the warmest niche.

And he, the urge of some left-handed marriage  
Really had glory of a sort—the angels  
Chanting have meaning. And his Father's business.

He, a man and fierce with his people's wrongs  
Discovered: Ideas are durable stuff, ideas  
Are swords at times, ideas imperishable.

(Perishable, of course; but how they may persist.)

Here on 42nd street, the middle of winter  
With shafts of cliffs falling, buildings, and higher buildings,  
Ideas are durable stuff. A frantic, romantic

Jew piled up something fully as hard to withstand  
As this impressive overwhelming stone.  
Imagine Jesus, foreign seeming, silly

(With thick hair and soft garments, pastoral),

Filling the air between these stony angles  
With sentences we know and never hear:  
Render unto Caesar,—and certain other quick

Turns, talk of a man in a brilliant play, badgered by scoffers.  
Today a boy up in an aeroplane  
Is writing neatly in a smoky crinkle  
RODEO on the sky. In sand  
Jesus wrote to better point. Do you remember?

I like his way of finding and using power.  
(And Mary, worried woman, never hearing  
Any announcement of his destiny.)  
That makes a better wood-cut than I've seen  
Made by a Masses artist, very ugly.

A fairy-tale for little radicals.

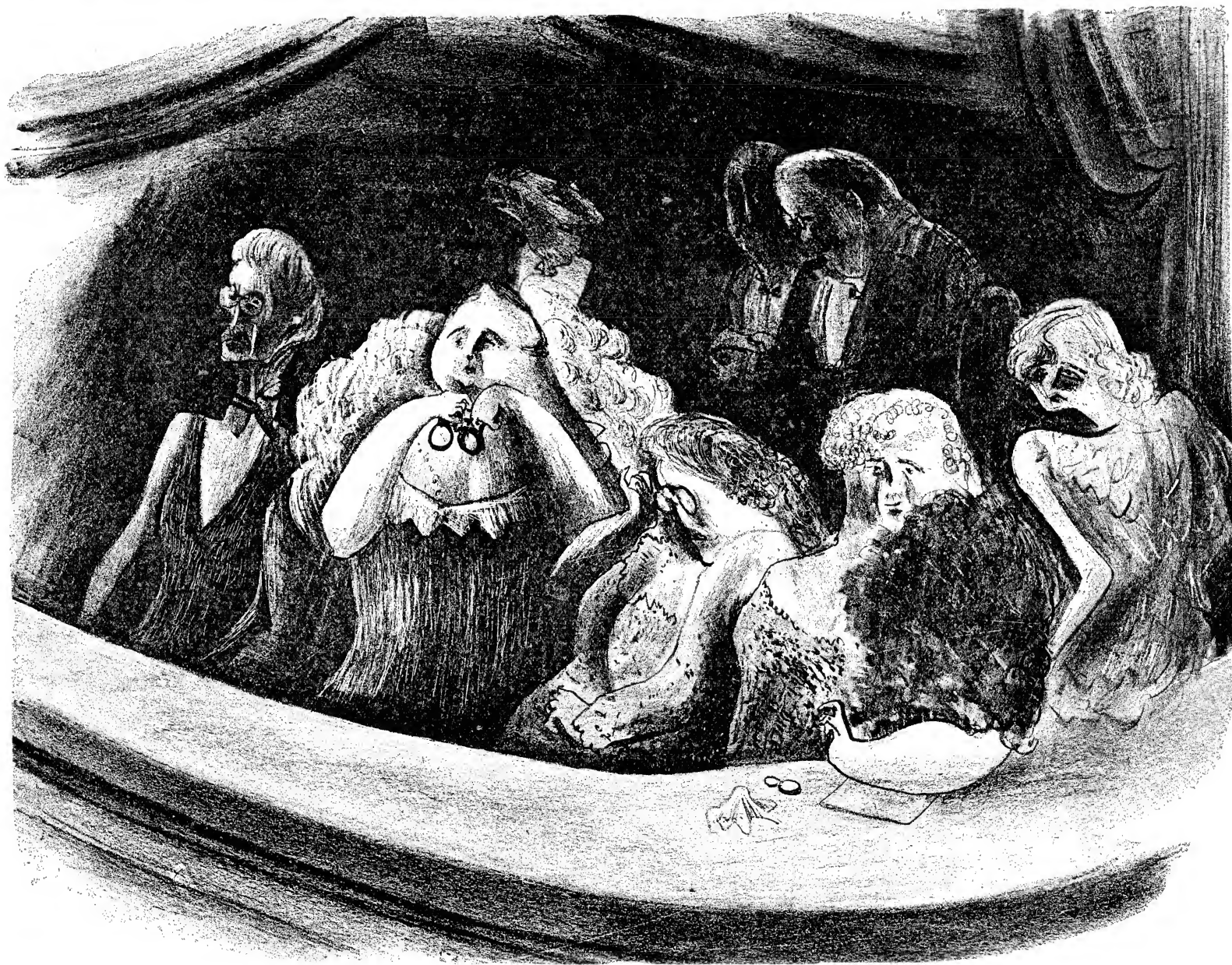
GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.





*Adolf Dehn '27*  
*Beethoven's Ninth Symphony*

*Drawing by Adolph Dehn*



Adolph Dehn '27

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony

Drawing by Adolph Dehn

# THE ARMY SEES RED

By PAUL CROUCH

IN April, 1925, the news that two soldiers had been sentenced to 40 and 26 years respectively, surprised even the reactionary press. Never before in America had such sentences for political activities in time of peace been known. The Baltimore *Sun* declared that the sentences, if permitted to stand, would do more harm to the government than "all the Reds in one hundred years."

Even today, the romantic story of the formation of a large active Communist group among soldiers stationed in Hawaii is little known. Many Communists in the United States as well as the general public remain ignorant of the facts.

The military authorities gave false reports and attempted to suppress the truth about such activities in Hawaii. The Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* stated that army officers protested against publication of real information about the case.

Only to a limited extent was the Hawaiian Communist League the result of individual effort for, though I was a Communist before entering the service, I had little expectation that a revolutionary movement in the army would be possible. Soldiers are treated so harshly that those with intelligence welcome revolutionary ideas as a road to freedom, but this I did not know before entering the army. On the other hand, I did not expect it to be like recruiting poster descriptions.

I have been a radical since childhood and was a member of the Young Peoples' Socialist League. After the 1919 split in the Socialist Party, my sympathies were with the Communists. "Why," one may ask, "did you join the army?"

From August, 1923, until February, 1924, I was Telegraph Editor of the Statesville (N. C.) *Sentinel*. My radical editorial policy brought me into conflict with the owners and, though I was not "fired", censorship was so strict that the job became unendurable. After Lenin's death in January, 1924, I published a two column story of the funeral on the front page under a head that caused such an intensification of the censorship that I did not wish to remain any longer.

For years I had been anxious to devote my efforts to the revolutionary movement but circumstances had prevented me from doing so to any real extent. Now, I decided to take up anti-militarist work and to join the army for experience and first hand information. I was anxious to study conditions in the

colonies, especially Hawaii, and the army offered the opportunity for that.

On April 24, 1924, I enlisted in the army for service in Hawaii. Almost three months were spent at Ft. Bragg, N. C. and Ft. Slocum, N. Y. before sailing for Hawaii July 16th, on the naval transport Chaumont. Immediately on arrival in Hawaii, I was assigned to the publicity section of the Division Intelligence Office at Schofield Barracks. Within three weeks the officers discovered that I had radical views and "fired" me. I was transferred to the 21st Infantry and made Regimental Supply Clerk there.

The fact that I intended to study conditions instead of organizing the soldiers in the Communist movement was responsible for my policy in letting my views be generally known. But then I began to realize the possibilities and soon after transfer to the 21st Infantry I began systematic propaganda efforts. To a certain extent, I had the support of other soldiers. One (whose name I will not mention here) was a former I.W.W. organizer and a real revolutionist. He was not known to the authorities as a radical, so he had much better opportunities than I to conduct propaganda among other soldiers. Together, we made many converts. The majority of these converts and sympathizers were organized into Esperanto classes and other clubs established to lead large groups of soldiers under our influence. My connection with the Esperanto classes and the fact that I was known as a Communist to the military authorities were responsible for several unsuccessful efforts to get spies into our movement.

Our converts and sympathizers really studied Esperanto and we established contacts with Esperantists in Japan, Great Britain and other countries. This served to stimulate interest in the revolutionary movement in other countries and to make our meetings more attractive. The great possibilities of the international language were well utilized by our group in Hawaii. After our arrest, the military authorities confiscated every Esperanto text book they could find and at my trial attempted to prove that it was "a Bolshevik language."

During the fall and winter of 1924-25, there occurred a strike of Filipino plantation workers. The cost of living in Honolulu, according to American standards, is somewhat higher than on the main-

land. But the Filipino laborers received less than \$1.00 for ten hours hard labor under the hot tropic sun. Under the leadership of Pablo Manlapit, the Filipino workers organized and went on strike for better wages and conditions.

The government aided the plantation owners in breaking the strike, the National Guards and the regular army guaranteed the power of the sugar trust, and 24 strikers were murdered at one time by armed thugs in the name of "law and order." Pablo Manlapit, the leader of the strike, was given a long prison sentence and the Filipino workers forced back into the same conditions of slavery. Camps of strikers had been destroyed and the workers and their families forced to move from one place to another. Some of the strikers attempted to bring legal proceedings against one officer who forced them to vacate their camps, on the charge of kidnapping, but the case was dismissed immediately, and the Honolulu *Advertiser* openly remarked, in a headline: BUT THE JUDGE WAS A FRIEND (of the officer and plantation owners).

There were differences of opinion in our radical group. Walter M. Trumbull and I insisted on a publicity fight for the strikers, believing that a declaration of soldiers in defense of oppressed colonials would be something new in history and might be a real contribution to their struggle against imperialist exploitation. Also, we thought it probable that an open declaration of soldiers as Communists in defense of the strikers might do much to lead the workers themselves into the Communist movement so that they could more effectively carry on the fight not only for immediate gains but for final freedom from capitalism and wage slavery. Knowing the danger of such a step, Trumbull and I arranged matters in such a way that we alone would take the responsibility and we successfully prevented the military authorities from obtaining sufficient evidence to bring other soldier comrades before courts-martial. The Division Intelligence Officer, Lt. Col. John B. Murphy, told one of my friends (who was discharged without trial): "I wish I could stick you, but I haven't the evidence to take you before a court-martial and do it."

There were some humorous aspects of the case, especially the efforts of Lt. Col. Murphy and several members of his staff to learn Esperanto so they might be able

to translate many of our reports and other papers in the international language. We had been informed in advance of the plans for our arrest by friends who worked at Division Headquarters, so we deliberately prepared suspicious looking documents in Esperanto which proved to be pure nonsense when translated and carefully examined. Lt. Col. Murphy and several assistants devoted intensive study to Esperanto so that with the aid of our dictionaries they had confiscated they were able to translate our papers, only to find nothing they could use against us. The only "incriminating" evidence found was a copy of a letter to my parents in which I spoke of the military authorities in no uncertain manner and made references to the danger we faced. If they had found another letter to my parents, in which I spoke of American rule in Hawaii as a worse plague than leprosy, I probably would have received a death sentence instead of a living death in prison.

Walter Trumbull and I intended to assume all the responsibility and danger, but Roderick P. Nadeau insisted that he wished to share all risks in the fight with us. We prepared signed letters for the People's Forum of the Honolulu *Advertiser*. Our greatest fear was that they might be sent to the military authorities without publication.

The letters were published in the Honolulu *Advertiser* of February 14, 1925. My letter had the heading: *A Bolshevik Defends His Views*. Some extracts from my letter read:

"Your position in regard to the strike has been on the side of those who believe in the sacred (?) rights of private property as opposed to the (in capitalist eyes—non existent) right of each individual to the resources given man by Nature. . . . And the *Advertiser* can support, without blushing, these outrages against mankind."

"The February 12th issue of the *Advertiser* shows the position taken by the official powers of Hawaii. And never before have you published a more important and vital statement than the headline: 'But the Judge Was a Friend.' . . . When did a man guilty of no crime cease to have the right to select his place of residence? And if he is taken by force to another place, why is it not a case of kidnapping? The government, as well as an individual, can be a criminal. . . .

The publication of these letters



created a sensation in army circles. A secret service agent was immediately assigned the task of finding an excuse for the arrest and court-martial not only of the authors of the letters but also of all Communists in the army. Within one week from the publication of the letters, we were behind bars and every possible effort was being made by the military authorities to railroad us to prison.

We had been arrested without warrant and were held, incommunicado, with no charge against us from February 19 until March 12. A letter to my parents written February 20 was not mailed by the military authorities until March 12. I was subjected to extremely brutal treatment and forced to work when too ill to walk. Corporal Roy F. Ebert was held in solitary confinement two weeks. Steve Domagalsky, a former Red Army soldier, was threatened with 20 years imprisonment if he continued refusing to testify for the government against the others. Those arrested included Trumbull, Nadeau, Domagalsky, Schwartz, Creque, Ebert and a number of others (about fifteen being held for some

time). No excuse could be found to bring any of them (except Trumbull and me) before a court-martial, and one after another was released with trial. Several were discharged from the army "for the good of the service."

The army officers, especially Lt. Col. Murphy, who had directed the "investigation" and arrests, were furious. They were well on the road to becoming a joke to the soldiers, so they determined to satisfy their vengeance on two victims. Charges against Walter Trumbull and me were made March 12th, under the 96th Article of War, which would make life imprisonment for a broken shoestring legally possible. We were charged with persuading the secret service agent to join our group, writing a letter to the Communist International telling of conditions in Hawaii and our intention to fight for the oppressed workers, making revolutionary statements in private conversation, and failure to get a charter for a secret society (punishable by 3 months in jail under Hawaiian laws). Trumbull was also charged

with "disrespectful statements" about Calvin Coolidge.

A large part of the "evidence" against us consisted of a long article about Communist propaganda by Isaac Marcossen in the *Saturday Evening Post* and reports of Communist resolutions in Germany, France and other countries.

We had not been permitted to get in communication with defense organizations and were forced to accept army officers as "defense counsel." The sort of "defense" they made can easily be imagined.

The sentences of 40 and 26 years contributed considerably to exposing the true nature and the brutality of American capitalist militarism, and the fact soldiers are being used to exploit the colonies and weaker countries. Instead of the approval expected by the military authorities, American workers were furious at such a case of injustice, and to many the class nature of the case was clear. The International Labor Defense, with the cooperation of the Civil Liberties Union and other organizations, organized a protest which forced the government to reduce the sentences to 3 years and 1 year.

Walter M. Trumbull and I owe our freedom today to the power of American workers.

The War Department, instead of giving "a lesson to the Red," had been almost completely defeated.

\* \* \*

This morning on Union Square a recruiting officer asked me if I didn't want to join the army. He handed me a handbill that read as follows:

**COLD?**  
**Why Not Go Where It's Warm!**  
 —  
**Take an Ocean Voyage to**  
**PANAMA**  
**HAWAII**  
**TEXAS**  
**or the**  
**WEST COAST**  
**At Uncle Sam's Expense**  
**STOP SHIVERING!**

But when I told him my name was Paul Crouch, he lost interest in me as an army prospect.



All right, you made your bed. Now lie in it, you lousy bum.

Drawing by Otto Soglow



*All right, you made your bed. Now lie in it, you lousy bum.*

*Drawing by Otto Soglow*



*All right, you made your bed. Now lie in it, you lousy bum.*

*Drawing by Otto Soglow*



# TERRIBLE NEWS

By ALEXANDER NEVEROV

Translated by MAX EASTMAN

OLD man Ermilov got a letter from town. His son Serega wrote in a crooked, uncultivated hand.

"Dear parents. Dad and Mama, and you, my wife, Lukeria Evdokimovna:

The prejudices according to which you live in ignorance I now understand in all respects, and therefore I inform you that I have conclusively withdrawn from the old conceptions of married life, and I give you, Lukeria Evdokimovna, full right to civil cohabitation with any man you may choose according to the dictates of your heart. I myself do not recognize any marriage laws, and I will not soon return to the country."

Lukeria read the letter. Her eyes clouded, her hands trembled. Ermilov himself understood nothing. When the reading ended, he held the sheet long on his palm, tenderly smoothing it out with his gnarled fingers. The old woman sat beside him with smiling eyes. It was pleasant to hear the music of the unintelligible words put together by Serega. Little childish exciting wrinkles played on her dark dry cheeks.

"I didn't quite understand," said Ermilov, turning the letter around. "Writes a lot, but you can't get hold of it. You understood?"

"What is there to understand? Alive, healthy, glory be to God. They won't let him come home, he says. Don't expect him soon. . . ."

After a silence she added:

"Still, it's better, Father. It means more bread. If we miss him too much, we'll go to see him. . . ."

"He doesn't write our language." Ermilov spoke again. "Got citified . . . fancy. . . ."

Two-year-old Manka, wrapt in a rag, was crying on the bed.

"Quit bawling!" cried Lukeria fiercely. "I'll take you to Dad. Here, our dear Daddie, you dirty dog, feed and take care of her. You didn't like your country wife, eh? Well, you won't live with any town woman!"

Lukeria seized the child and ran out of the house.

The old people exchanged a glance.

"What's the matter with her?"

Ermilov's heart sensed a misfortune. He got Serega's letter and smoothed it out a long time on his palm.

"Heavy little sheet."

The old woman looked on piteously. She stared earnestly at the paper. Her eyes were unseeing, unable to read.

"God knows what's in it."

They called Ivan Konstantinich. He's a business-like mujik, serious, sings in the choir on holidays.

Ivan Konstantinich struck the old people suddenly:

"He's left you."

"How, left us?"

"Gone over to the proletariat . . . to the German faith."

Ermilov's face became purple. His neck stiffened. The old woman faded utterly.

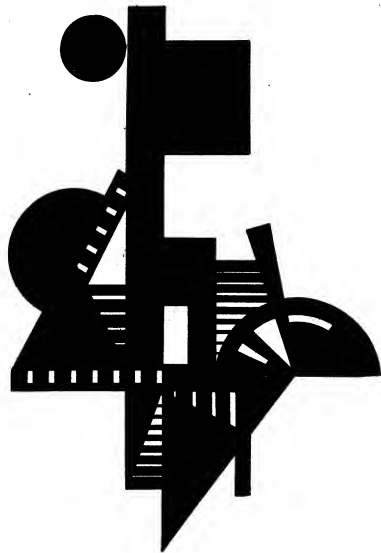
"You see, it's this way. There was a German Karl—they called him Marsh. Well this same Marsh got the idea of building a commune. His followers asked—'How shall we build it?' 'Quite simple,' says he: 'All the landholders we'll make landless, and all the landless proletariat. Well, there was still a little difficulty. Before you could go over to this Marsh's commune, you had to renounce your father and mother, and divorce your lawful wife. And Sergei Efimich, as far as I can see, is just at this point."

"That is he's betrayed us."

"Something like that."

"So-o-o. Did this Marsh nurse him?"

The old woman began to cry. From grief Ermilov lay down



above the stove. He put his arms under his head. He lay still until dark.

Ustinia came in, Lukeria's mother. She began in a high solemn voice:

"I have come to you, brother Efim Siluanich, not with a greeting, not with a bow, but with bitter orphan tears. My mother heart could not endure it, and I've come to say to you, concealing nothing: She won't work for you any more. I tell you straight, brother, she won't do it."

Lukeria's father, Evdokim, came in from the street, a little big-bearded mujik.

"Now, brother, don't get mad. . . . if I . . . so to speak . . . I came for her things. . . ."

The old women started clawing each other over a worn-out sweater. Ermilov was silent. What's a sweater? They're shattering life itself.

The neighbor Ershov came in, also an old man.

"Well, you caught it too, Efim Siluanich."

"Son betrayed me. Went over to some Marsh."

"It's well known what Marsh. He hangs in their front corners."

"What is he, a saint?"

"Saint! Huh! Then all the Germans would be saints. They're making fools of us. They hang a red flag around him, write 'Proletarians of all countries'. . . ."

"Ai-h-h!" grunted Ermilov, looking at his fists.

"No, no!" said Ershov. "The laws these days — you can't spit over them."

"He deserted his wife and child."

"That doesn't count with them. They're like worms: suck one woman dry, and sit down to another. With them it's no sin."

Ermilov did not sleep when night came. The old woman was praying in a whisper in the front corner. The moon examined through the window the emptiness of the lonely hut. Where Lukeria's bed had stood, a black bared corner yawned. The cat was there, sticking up a thin tail, patrolling the mice under the floor. The dingy glass of the *ikons* looked down from the shrine. Bitter darkness covered the soul. Life was split in two. On one half sits Serega with a strange unmarried woman, loudly shouts:

"I have completely withdrawn from the old conceptions of married life!"

Ermilov wanted to haul off and slug Serega — a German named Marsh prevented him.

"No, no, old man, it will be murder. Better sit aside and watch what we and comrade Sergei are going to do."

Marsh put an arm around Serega. On the other side a strange unmarried woman had hold of him. All three came straight at Ermilov singing:

"We've renounced the old world!"

And Serega cries:

"I will not return to the country!"

The old woman finished praying. Ermilov asked!

"Had enough? Begin over again. There isn't our God any more."

"What is it, father, Efim Siluanich?"

"There isn't our God!" shrieked Ermilov convulsively in the startled silence.



Decorations by Louis Lozowick

He sat above the stove, white, distorted, his beard jumping. He showed his hard yellowish teeth, and pounded with his fist on the chimney. Then he weakened, relaxed his head against the wall, and wept piteous lamb-like tears.

## OLD JOHN

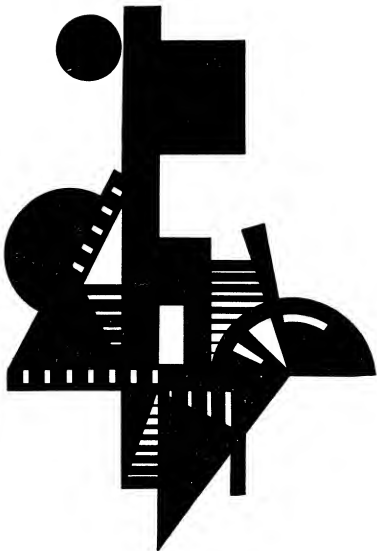
Old John was always standing in the middle of his truck farm. He was fifty years old now; he had been thirty when his wife left him for another man. Old John had not complained; he had purchased three acres just south of town, waste land the salt company was glad to get rid of, and he farmed it.

In the fall his old figure blended with the garden. He would stand among the great cornstalks, sweet corn it was, and look around him. As grizzled as the stalks was Old John, heavily-wrinkled, with a drooping gray mustache. Over the tops of the stalks he would peer at the squash, the peas, the ruffed leaves of the potato plants. Cow Creek, faded blue like Old John's overalls, flowed back of the potato patch.

"Yep," Old John would jokingly comment, "my wife was like the crick,—blue, so it runs away." But there was always a catch in his throat.

Alexander Gottlieb.







*Decorations by Louis Lozowick*

## GOOD MORNING!

GEORGE PRESTON, it's kind of slow this morning. George P. Preston as a matter of fact. Cashier in Branch 32. Automat chain of restaurants. And today is pay day. Not bad. Nothing like getting tied up with a big firm. Gives you prestige and a chance for advancement. Last year we did thirty million. We take care of our nickels. Our millions take care of themselves. Cashier handling big money in nickels. Treasurer of this branch. George P. Preston, Treasurer. At eighteen a week. Kind of slow this morning. Sure, but it's only seven o'clock.

A desk all to myself and they call me Mr. Preston. Mr. Preston will you make up your cash. Thank you Mr. Preston. And it's a clean-clothes job. A shined-shoes job. A position, my mother tells the neighbors. And maybe a bonus next Christmas. Not so bad.

Anybody looking at me now might think I was a big gun. And I bet I look it. A fellow has to stick out his chest and hold up his head. That's all. That's all he needs—and be on the alert. He's got to learn speed—efficiency.

A lot of money passes through my hands. My hands. We do a good business. And it's going up every day. We're growing along with the best branches. Every hour our business gets better. George Preston, Treas.

It'll make a good impression when they find out I'm going to school at night. Ambition. That's what they're looking for. Think in big figures, the teacher said last night. Yes sir! A hundred. A thousand. A million. A billion. I'm getting ahead already. Just a minute, mister. This is a tin half-dollar. What? You *did* give it to me. What are you trying to put over? All right, call the manager.

Here, where you going? Here's the manager. It's all right, Mr. Abel. He's going out. Tried to put over a fake half.

Nice fellow, this Mr. Abel. Not uppish like most people with big jobs. He's got to taste the soup. And check up my accounts. And see that the place is clean. But he's always got time to be nice. Hates like hell to see me make a mistake because it would have to come out of my pocket. Lucky to have such a manager. And he looks clean-cut.

There's talk of an Automat baseball team—in the Restaurant League. I could play third for dear old Automat. And it'll



Drawing by Jan Matulka

## FISHING BOATS

be just like going to college. It's damn nice of them to give a chance to fellows who can't go to college. I wonder if they're going to have cheerleaders.

Bases full! Preston up! Two strikes! Three balls! *Clack!*... Home run! Automat! Automat! Automat! Preston! Preston! Preston!

A fellow doesn't mind working hard if he knows things are being done for him. Good feeling on both sides. Good spirit. Cooperation. Here comes the breakfast crowd.

Good morning, good morning. Responsibility makes a man of a fellow. Five nickels for a quarter.

Good morning.

A half—five nickels and a quarter.

A dime—two nickels. This guy has money in the bank.

Good morning.

Five nickels.

Money spills from my hands. George P. Preston, champion nickel-spiller and third baseman for good old Automat.

Good morning, good morning.

Mr. Abel is watching me. I wonder why. He wants to talk to me. He's noticing how nice I spill nickels. He's coming over.

A letter for me? Thank you Mr. Abel, I'll read it later. Oh,

can I read it now? Thank you, thank you.

It's from the Automat. Must be about the baseball team. Sure I'll play. And give the best that's in me.

Wha-What's this! Business—not - good. Must - have - economy. Cutting-down-on-help. Thank-you-for-your-services.

No use getting sad about it. They know when they have to fire a fellow. They keep watching their business. They would keep me if they could afford it. And it isn't really getting fired. They don't thank you when they fire you.

Good morning.

Albert Margolis.





FISHING BOATS

Drawing by Jan Matutka

# A GREAT AMERICAN

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

*Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait, by Paxton Hibben. Doran. \$5.00.*

BEFORE you start reading you wonder why in the dickens anybody should waste so much time on a preacher dead and out of style. When you finish the book you wish that Paxton Hibben had added a volume or two. He makes you see that there is something about Henry Ward Beecher that has meaning today. Not that the fifty-year-old headlines of the Beecher Case are intrinsically of more interest than the recent tabloid overflows over the disappearance of the sainted Aimee MacPherson. Put it this way. History is continually being remade to suit the mood of the present and immediate past. Going down a river in a canoe, you see the trees on the bank go by so quickly that the hills on the horizon seem to stand still, until all at once you look up and find that their shape has changed entirely. When we were kids in school American history was the Presidential Range and very little else; now the Presidential Range is flattening out fast and all we have is a meaningless jumble where the contours have not yet been pointed out and emphasized. This book establishes Beecher on the map as an outstanding American windbag, and Hibben as a darn good writer. The only thing I can think of to compare it to is Bazalgette's *Thoreau*. It seems to me better than Brooks' *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, because it has more juicy facts in it and because it is less meticulously tacked to the fine edge of a thesis. Or perhaps it's that Beecher interests me more as a man than the immaculate Mr. Clemens.

The question is, why it is of value to dig up these portraits of dead and forgotten worthies? Doesn't Elmer Gantry do the same thing more immediately? Why spend years boning up on facts in a library when 'fiction' puts your idea over with more speed than 'history'? I don't think so. It seems to me that history is always more alive and more interesting than fiction. I suppose that is because a story is the day dream of a single man, while history is a mass-invention, the day dream of a race. A book like *Henry Ward Beecher* permanently enriches the national consciousness, while all our novels, unrelated and helpless fragments, drain off into the annual stream of gush emitted by the publishing houses.

This brings me to the point I have been trying to get at. Why is it important to enrich the national consciousness, why wouldn't it be much better from the human point of view to let the national consciousness sicken and die? That we know and feel how our fathers and grandfathers acted and thought and shouted and died does not necessarily mean that we are



Drawing by William Siegel

going to mould our lives after theirs, but it does mean that we have some sort of standard to measure ourselves by. Any agglomeration of people trying to live without a scale of values becomes a mindless and panicky mob. The sudden gusher of American wealth in the last fifty years has boosted into power — into such power as would have sent shivers of envy down Alexander's spine—a class of illassorted mediocrities, who have not needed even much acquisitive skill to get where they are. Aping them is a servile generation of white-collar slaves and small money-grubbers and under that, making the wheels go around, endless formless and disunited strata of workers and farmers kept mostly in an opium dream of prosperity by cooing radios, the flamboyant movies and the instalment plan. In all that welter there is no trace of a scale of values. The last rays of the old puritan standards in which good was white and bad was black went under in the war. In the ten years that have followed the American mind has settled back into a marsh of cheap cosmopolitanism and wisecracking, into a slow odorless putrescence. The protest that expressed itself in such movements as the I.W.W. and the Non-Partisan League has pretty well petered out. If this mass of a hundred million people can sink any lower without disintegrating entirely . . . well . . . but that's where Henry Ward Beecher comes in. Beecher was this utter vacuum that is the American consciousness of today, in human form. He is essentially the archetype of the lead-

er that a money-mad society has loved to pet and encourage, a preacher who could be trusted never to preach against the wind, to know invariably which side his bread was buttered on; and he was very fond of butter.

From Lyman Beecher to Henry Ward you have the break in the American mind that came when a farmers' and traders' democracy began to founder in a flood of gilt-edged securities. Lyman Beecher, hard, bitter, tricky, full of jokes and brimstone, preaching hellfire and damnation to a mercantile generation of Yankees, whiskered, headstrong and ranting; Henry Ward, his son, a soft-faced man with floppy lips, floundering unhappily through the crazy years of the Civil War, trimming, trimming, until he flopped himself at last into velvet in Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, free to pour everlasting anodyne gush into the ears of a fattening congregation of

bankers, bondholders and war profiteers. In those two men you have the whole disintegration of the American mind. The father was a fanatic, the son was a spellbinder. And Henry Ward Beecher got away with it, he got away with a mushy aestheticism, that his contemporary Wilde was not quite able to carry off in England, he got away with adultery, lots of it. Since that day getting away with it has been the first and only commandment on the statute books. Well the papers are telling us that the American standard of living, gushing up in geometrical progression of dollar-years, is the highest in history. Maybe the American mind, assiduously emptying itself into vacuum, will get away with it. Will it?

At any rate we need more books like this book of Hibben's, more accurate and imaginative studies of the American past to set our compasses by.

## SWIFT AND HAUNTING

*The Voice of Fire, by Manuel Komroff. Paris. Edward W. Titus.*

MANUEL KOMROFF has invented a lovely fable about wealth and religion, but he hasn't quite the courage to follow it to its logical conclusion.

His fable tells how the great cathedral that was to humble Paris with its size and magnificence, built out of the offerings of broken hearted souls bereaved by the war—how this church became a laughing-stock instead. The curse of money was on it. Its ridiculous domes and extra transepts contained a diabolical echo, a disembodied laugh, that sounded whenever the organ played. The first organ, the work of the Russian master builder, Starin, with the special stop like the fires of hell, rotted away with a mysterious mildew. The bishop, furious and helpless, persecuted Starin's orphan assistant, the hero of the tale, first for inventing the hell-fire stop, and afterward to force out of him the mechanical formula which would kill the echo and the laugh. The boy refused to tell the secret and save St. John's from its just doom. He remembered Starin's denunciation:

"The war, which almost ruined France, has made you wealthy. . . . Through illness, sorrow, and death you have become rich and still not content with what you have gained from poor Paris you would use that

wealth to gain more power. And the only reason you want the power is to stop Paris from being happy. To make her humble. To make her crawl on her knees before your feet. . . . Is it a crime to laugh and be happy? Yes, you thought it was. The whole of Paris wanted to be happy but you did not want it . . . because only in sorrow are you strong."

And his prophecy:

"You will have money but nothing else. Paris will never respect you. Paris will never be taken in by your devices. Her knee will never be bent because—because you are a fraud and she will know it. Your own walls, your own stones will laugh you down, your own gold will ring when you want silence. And when you talk of God it will jingle."

The idea is so good that it should have come out into a book without a flaw. The author was wise enough not to pad it, to leave it in this thin volume of ninety-five pages. He used just enough of the grotesque to balance his moral. Polia Chentoff's macabre engravings help; they show the crowd hooting down the bishop in front of his gothic doorway, and the organist kissing his mistress locked in the forest of silent pipes inside the organ. The whole impression is swift and haunting, in spite of bits of careless writing, phrases in realistic dialogue which are out of key, marring sounds that could have been smoothed.

Mr. Komroff's worst offense, however, is due not to haste but to judgment, somebody else's bad



*Drawing by William Siegel*



judgment, I suspect. At the end he has capitulated, deserted his theme, spoiled his sermon. Somebody must have told him to make the bishop an imposter, and he must have known better even while he did it. Everywhere else he shows real understanding, of complex and even of simple things: loneliness and love and pretense and workmanship and gaiety. He couldn't have intended the bishop to be a forger and blackmailer, even to make it plausible that Catholic Paris should laugh at his church. Mr. Komroff began by fighting the church too savagely and wholeheartedly to let us believe him when he turns around and says:

"This wasn't the church at all, but only a dummy." Why not let it be real? He was attacking only one building and one bishop; good Christians could call them exceptions. But some one must have frightened him.

The anticlimax could be averted by cutting a page or two; and even that is hardly necessary. The point is as obviously false and interpolated as the restored parts of a badly restored painting. Almost as soon as you have read it this falsity falls out; you forget that the bishop was only a sham; and the picture remains distinct and unforgettable as it was intended.

Marian Tyler.

## NOMADS OF INDUSTRY

*The Main Stem, by William Edge. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.*

"THE Evoluton of a Hobo Into a Class-Conscious Bum" might better designate a striking bit of realism just emitted by the Vanguard Press under the alleged authorship of a "William Edge". Despised and ridiculed, the proletarian migratory is here the hero of a rather well written satire of our present social system. Without any attempt at propaganda the bare, crude, and sometimes disgusting narrative in the first person carries a conviction that is damnable—to the system that permits and fosters such an atypical life.

Evidently the author has had close contact (sometimes too close for comfort) with the phase of life he so pungently depicts. Coupled with the intimate knowledge of the patois or argot, folkways, psychoses and "complexes" is an underlying understanding and sympathy with a large and increasing part of the working class, that part which feels oftenest and keenest the bayonet thrusts and the "iron heel" of modern capitalism at its very worst. Naturally the language of such a group—the reserve labor supply that makes the *status quo* of wage levels possible—is not "nice"; neither is the milieu or the treatment it receives from capitalist, bourgeois, and worker.

Edge shows how the unemployed worker (who is now politely characterized by polite society as a bum, tramp, hobo or stiff) goes from place to place unconscious that he moves *en masse* in accordance with a definite law of Industrialism, a verification of the law of economic determinism. This law is the sociologically costly and personally tragic one of *searching for a job*. In spite of the hell that he is thrown into by the sins of capitalism, a modicum of the pure gold of human virtues remains in him in the form of an ever-present optimism, idealism and loyalty to his

group as he searches for the non-existent *job*, the job that will combine decent working and living conditions with adequate remuneration—a *la* American Federation of Labor. This nomad of industry, a victim of "efficiency," like the Wandering Jew, goes on and on and develops defensive reactions, which while socially undesirable are certainly justified from the biological standpoint of that first law of life—self preservation.

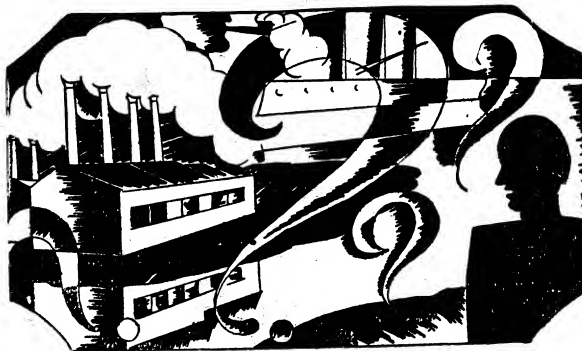
Every class-conscious worker would do well to peruse this realistic sketch. The average worker often fails to understand that the migratory worker problem is his problem and fatuously falls in with the capitalistic funny paper ridicule of the most oppressed, and yet, in a way, the freest portion of his own class. Until the "high paid" and aristocratic worker such as the skilled mechanic, building trades and railroad worker and he who yet possesses a monopoly of skill realizes that the hobo is vividly and dangerously his problem, a matter for seriousness and not for ridicule and spleen, there can be little real advance of the working class either in part or in whole.

Flashes of grim humor lighten the serious tone of the little Vanguard novelette, for the human qualities have greater play perhaps in this migratory group than in the more respectable portions of the working class. Freedom? Yes, of a certain sort; certainly not the slavery to convention of the social parasites who look down upon them and who in turn are looked down upon by their supposed social and undoubtedly financial inferiors.

Inasmuch as William Edge throws light upon the great adventure and reveals truthfully a portion of the cross-section of life, to that extent is he an artist. Certainly the sketch is clearly focussed, frankly portrayed, and sympathetically comprehended.

Henry Flury.

## WHILE THE ROCKEFELLERS PLAY GOLF IN FLORIDA —



## TEN THOUSAND MINERS ARE FIGHTING FOR A LIVING WAGE IN THEIR COLORADO MINES

DOZENS of pickets are in jail. Winter is on and the battle is not yet won. The strikers and their families need food and clothing. Unable to save anything from the bare subsistence wage they have been receiving, the strike finds them penniless. Relief must be forthcoming if the strike is to be carried successfully.



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ESPECIALLY SHOES

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AND DEFENSE COMMITTEE  
Box 87—Walsenburg, Colorado

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WHILE THE ROCKEFELLERS  
PLAY GOLF IN FLORIDA —



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## COME IN OUT OF THE COLD!



If you're tired  
of sitting on the radiator  
to keep warm

and sick  
of cussing the janitor  
and the furnace  
and the climate

Take off  
the old wool bathrobe  
and the fur slippers  
and the ear muffs

Give the gas heater  
a rest.  
We'll tell you where to go  
to get warm

And it won't be hell  
either

Get out the smock  
(has it got a hip pocket)  
and the boots

### WARM YOUR FEET

The chaps who paint  
and sculp and write  
or sing and play  
and else indite  
brave squeeds against  
the status quo

Will come that night  
and spin and reel  
the while the pipes  
in ebon hands  
make liquid rhy-  
thms sob and peal

Come out, come out, you'll meet them all  
at this

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## BOSS TWEED

"Boss" Tweed. The Story of a Grim Generation, by Denis Tilden Lynch. Boni & Liveright. \$4.

What Can a Man Believe? by Bruce Barton. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50.

What I Believe, by William J. Robinson, M.D. Eugenics Publishing Co. \$2.50.

Modern Science and Materialism, by Hugh Elliot. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.20.

THAT a book like "Boss" Tweed could be written, published, favorably reviewed and sold is as good an epitome of the type of literary development to be expected under a cloak-and-suit-trade civilization as one could ask. Mr. Lynch has, obviously, spent a great deal of time and effort and Messrs. Boni & Liveright have invested about \$2,500 in cash in the production of a volume which, as a work of art or even as a piece of craftsmanship, is unspeakably bad. How come?

Let us try to get at the root of the matter.

Mr. Lynch receives approximately 40 cents out of the \$4 the innocent purchaser pays for his book. If 6,000 copies are sold (a good sale, at that, for a book on Boss Tweed!), the author stands to net \$2,400—certainly no fortune for a year's work! Now suppose we assume that it takes Mr. Lynch six months to collect the vast amount of material he requires—and it should take him at least that. Then, if he is going to complete his work in a year, he must turn out a thousand words a day, six days a week, during the six remaining months.

Plainly, there is little time in which Mr. Lynch can digest his material and organize it into a coherent whole, much less a work of art. On the other hand, if he takes longer, his yearly income will be proportionately less, and Werner's *Tammany Hall* or some similar book may appear in the meantime and kill his sales. It is clear that Mr. Lynch has no choice in the matter. The best he can do is to dump, as rapidly as possible, what reads like the whole morgue of a newspaper office for the period between 1823 and 1878, into printed pages, and let it go at that.

Nevertheless, bad as the job is bound to be, under the circumstances—and is—this particular pot boiler is a highly valuable tract for the education of 100 per cent revolutionists. Here we have the Greatest Democracy in History doing its stuff. No financial oligarchy ran the country from Wall Street in those days; no Trusts throttled industry; no Chambers

of Commerce organized the Solid Business Men of the community in defense of the Sacred Institution of Private Property. Men were men and women were their wives in those days. And the free (male, white) citizenry of the Republic exercised their inalienable rights on election day—you're darn tooting, they did!—and what did they get?

Well, they got not only the most corrupt government the world has ever seen, but also the worst government. No man who came within a mile of politics escaped unscathed. Democracy debauched them all—Henry Ward Beecher not a whit less than Gen. U. S. Grant. An otherwise decent and upright citizen like James Harper (Mr. Lynch says it was Fletcher Harper, but he is wrong as usual) was elected mayor of New York by a howling mob of bigoted ku-kluxers "yelling, groaning, cursing and bearing 'No Popery!' banners." Moses Taylor, H. B. Clafin, C. L. Tiffany, Arnold, Constable & Co. and W. & J. Sloane & Co. all backed Tweed in securing legislation for which The Boss paid a million dollars in bribes. William Cullen Bryant and Horace Greeley, both editing eminently respectable newspapers, supported the master-grafter, and Henry Ward Beecher gave him his blessing from the pulpit of Plymouth Church. On the whole, the exhibit is complete. This is, as Secretary Kellogg never tires of assuring the Russians, the best of all possible governments, the final word in democracy, the acme of popular rule. If the ignorant mujiks don't believe it, let 'em read "Boss" Tweed and be convinced!

Unfortunately, Mr. Lynch is not always careful of his facts. There are any number of holes in his fabric, but his account of the famous Beecher-Tilton case is inexcusably confused and inaccurate. If Mr. Lynch is under delusion that what the fair Victoria Woodhull published about the distinguished Pastor of Plymouth Church was all a "piece of sheer hearsay", he had better stop in the Public Library some day and read what she did say, in *Woodhull & Clafin's Weekly* of November 2, 1872. He will be well repaid for his trouble!

I do not wish to be understood as censuring Mr. Lynch for these slips. Probably he would not dream of trying to pass so hasty a job on a city editor. But as the book-writing business stands today, he can hardly do better and make any profit at all.

There is a bright side, however, to the book-writing business. Take Bruce Barton, for example. There



**COME IN OUT OF THE COLD!**



was a time when Lincoln and Garfield inspired ambitious youth, but the lads of our day figure how, by a judicious combination of industry and applesauce, they can make as much money as the author of *The Man [Book] Nobody Knows*, and still stay out of jail. It is the fashion among the literates to look down upon Bruce Barton, but this intellectual snobbery is to be deplored. Every man creates God in his own image, and Bruce Barton is as much entitled to his golf-playing, Rotarian, Tired-Business-Man at-a-Leg-Show God as you or I to ours, if any. Once upon a time an artist by the name of Howard Pyle wrote a book called *Rejected of Men*, which was neither false, vulgar, cheap, meretricious nor sycophantic. But it would not

have interested Bruce Barton. It was not a best seller.

There is nothing of the flunkey in the way Dr. Robinson words his title: *What I Believe*. He is not feeling his way to what there is the most profit in believing, and his candid, unequivocal, up-standing little book is an excellent mouth-wash for one who has been reading Bruce Barton aloud. If one wishes to go deeper into the matter, Hugh Elliot's *Modern Science and Materialism* is as good a stimulus to thought as another. For neither Bertrand Russell nor Bruce Barton nor God thundering at Moses on Mount Sinai can furnish any man with more than a formula to hide behind.

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Paxton Hibben.

## REALISM VS. ELOQUENCE

*The Worker Looks at Government*, by Arthur W. Calhoun. International Publishers. \$1.60.

*Economic Government in the United States*, by A. H. Dixon. McIndoo Publishing Co. \$2.00.

MR. CALHOUN is an instructor at Brookwood Labor College. He approaches political problems in the belief that government is not a fundamental social institution but rather that it is but one of the several tools or means which the dominant economic class in any nation employs to strengthen and perpetuate its power. Thus real political change comes only when, as in the French or Russian revolution, a new class becomes master in the economic life of the nation. His thesis is well illustrated by the present radically divergent purposes for which the governments of Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia are being used.

The book summarizes liberal criticism of present American forms of government. The author advocates abolition of the Senate, decrease in the size of the House, discard of our present theory and practice of the so-called system of checks and balances, proportional representation by economic classes, lessening of the power of the administrative and judicial ends of the government, etc. He also voices the refreshing opinion that "the function of government ought probably to be confined to the administration of material things rather than extended to the government of people in their personal and cultural relations."

Mr. Calhoun considers the present Democratic Party an excellent illustration of what sociologists

call "the cultural lag" and predicts the eventual rise of an out and out labor party. Nevertheless, he fears that union labor may "delude itself" for a good while to come with the attempt to get suitable action within the old parties.

While intentionally simple and general in its approach to governmental problems the book is both stimulating and scholarly. It constitutes an excellent handbook of liberal thought in the field of political science. It is in refreshing contrast to the dry, quibbling, classical textbooks now used in our "very best" universities.

Mr. Dixon has attacked the problem of government from a diametrically opposite point of view. He ignores economics entirely in spite of the title of his book. The declaration of independence and the constitution are the objects of his attention. He is fond of using such phrases as "the most important political paragraph ever drafted by the hand and genius of man" in connection with these documents, and he has dedicated the work to his parents for having taught him "above all a willing obedience to constituted authority." The result is a reverential high school eulogy of existing political institutions. Occasionally the author becomes querulous when forced to mention some such "new-fangled" amendments to the constitution as the sixteenth, providing for the income tax. "The day came, the stroke was given, when the sixteenth amendment to the constitution was ratified by the states, and with it have come the greater part of the ills that the people are now facing," writes Mr. Dixon, unable to restrain his natural eloquence.

Burnham P. Beckwith.

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Nov. 2 ,1927.

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I have a baby only a few months old and two other children, one 6 and one 4 years old.

I appreciate and thank you very much for the money and I wish you all the success in the world in your undertaking.

*Yours very sincerely*

(signature withheld for obvious reasons.)

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